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HANDSTANDS
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HANDSTANDS

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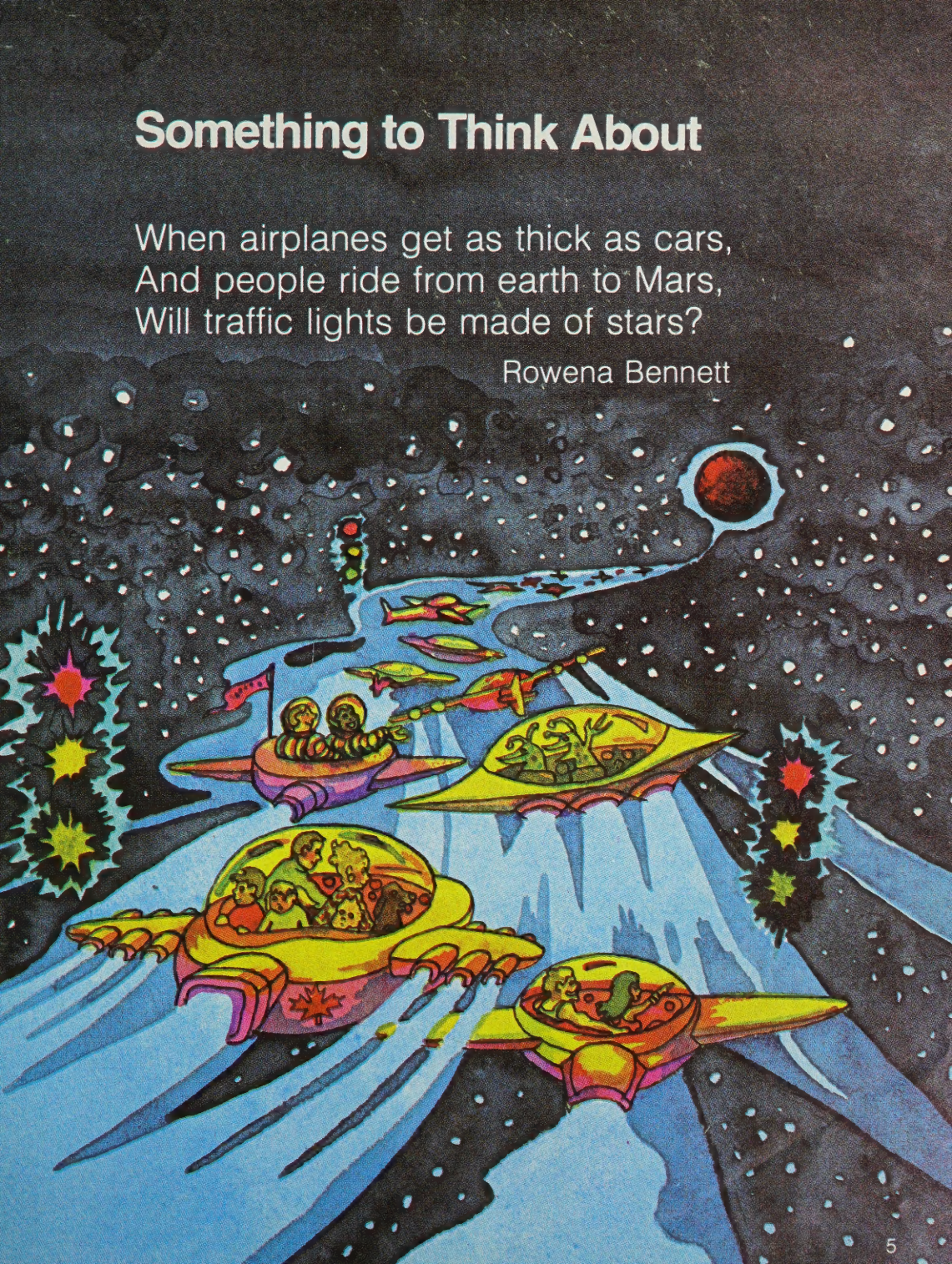
Something to Think About

When airplanes get as thick as cars,
And people ride from earth to Mars,
Will traffic lights be made of stars?

Rowena Bennett



THE LOOSE TOOTH

by Tony Johnston

"Mole! Mole! Mole!" cried Troll.

"What? What? *What*?" asked Mole.

"My teeth are falling out!"

"All of them?" asked Mole.

"Just one of them," said Troll. "Please glue it back for me."

"The tooth is ready to come out," said Mole. "Let's help it. We'll take it out the Old Mole Family Way."

"What way is that?" asked Troll.

"Quiet, please, Troll. I am trying to remember."

Troll was very quiet.

Mole tried hard to remember. At last he said, "I remember. We tie one end of a string to the tooth. We tie the other end to the bedpost. We wait. And the tooth will come out — pop-o!"

"That way sounds bad for trolls," said Troll. "It sounds very hurty."

"I'll sit next to you," said Mole. "And it won't hurt a bit."

Mole tied a string to Troll's tooth.
He tied the other end to the bedpost.
He sat next to Troll. He held his hand.
They waited for the tooth to pop out.
But nothing happened.

"Hmmm," said Mole. "The Old Mole Family Way is not working."

Troll looked worried. Mole thought again.

"I know!" cried Mole. "I was mixed up. We tie the string to the doorknob. Then I slam the door. And the tooth will come right out — presto!"

"Stink-o!" said Troll. "I will not do that. That will really hurt."

"But, Troll, that is the real Old Mole Family Way. I promise it won't hurt."

"Promise crisscross applesauce?"

"Promise crisscross applesauce."

"All right, Mole," said Troll. "But I am not ready. Don't slam the door until I say 'now.'"

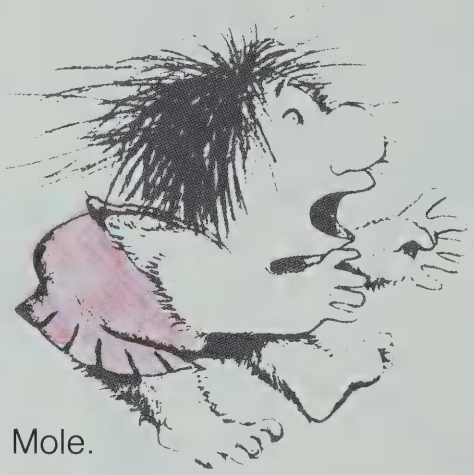
Mole tied the string to the doorknob.
He opened the door. He sat next to Troll.
He waited for Troll to say "now."
He waited for a long time.

"Are you ready yet?" asked Mole.

"Please don't rush me," said Troll.

So they waited some more.

A breeze came through the door.
The room got chilly.
Troll got chilly. He sneezed loudly, "**KER-SNORT!**"



"Bless you," said Mole.

"Thank you," said Troll.
"That ith very nithe of you to thay."

"*Thay*?" cried Mole. "Let me see your tooth."

Mole looked. The tooth was gone.

"Troll?" asked Mole. "Did that hurt?"

"Not a bit," said Troll. "What happened?"

"You sneezed your tooth out."

Troll smiled a huge grin in the mirror. "That ith the New Troll Family Way," he said.

"That is a good way," said Mole.

"And you are a good friend," said Troll. "It really helped to have you next to me."

"Yes," said Mole. "That always helps a lot."

Then they went to look for the tooth.

The Rude Wind

by Muriel Maclean

The Rude Wind rattled Kristi's window until it woke her up.

"Come out! Come out!" it shouted. "Don't stay in bed. Come out and play!"

Kristi jumped out of bed and ran and opened the window. Outside, the trees were tugging at the ground and waving their branches and shaking their leaves. The flowers were dancing on their stems, trying to hold onto their petals.

The Wind roared with laughter. "Come on!" it called. And with a swoop it caught Kristi up and carried her through the window and away.

Out across the garden she sailed, past the struggling trees and past the dancing flowers.

Kristi's mother ran to the window. "Stop!" she called. "Breakfast! School! Come back!"

"I can't!" Kristi laughed, and waved her arms like a bird. "The Rude Wind has taken me and won't let me go!" She was blown around the other side of the house, and across the street, before she could say another word.

MAPLE STREET SCHOOL

The letter carrier was just coming up the street with his head bent against the wind. He was holding onto his cap, and his bag of letters was swinging from his shoulder. Down swooped the Wind.

"Wheee!" The bag was blown open, and letters went flying in all directions.

"Stop!" called the letter carrier. He hurried down the street, his coat flapping as he dodged this way and that, trying to gather up the scattered mail. "My letters! Stop!"

The Rude Wind chuckled and went on its way down the street, carrying Kristi, bending trees, and making the dust swirl. It took Kristi right past the school just as classes began.

The teacher and all the children ran to the window to see the Wind and Kristi sailing by. The teacher rapped at the window, then opened it and called, "Come back! School! School! Late! Late!"

"Pooh!" said the Wind rudely. It went "Whoosh" at the open window and blew the teacher's hair all about. It went "Wheee" and sent the children tumbling and turning all about the room.

The teacher slammed the window. "Stop!" he called angrily, but the Wind just roared with laughter and went on its way down the street to the shopping centre, still carrying Kristi.

"Stop!" called all the men and women on the street. "Stop!"

The Rude Wind chuckled but just kept going through the town, carrying Kristi, tangling telephone wires, and rattling windows until they came to the Town Hall.

"Whew, I'm tired," the Wind said. "I'll be busy tomorrow too. I have to muss up some oceans and make some rivers swirl, so I'd better rest."

And he stopped, right on top of the Town Hall roof!

"Oh, you Rude Wind!" cried Kristi. "You can't stop here. What about me? I haven't had breakfast. I want to go home!"

"Oh, all right," said the Wind crossly. "Go home, then." And he puffed out his cheeks and "whooshed" Kristi down off the roof —

Back through the town —

Past the shopping centre —

Past the school —

Past the letter carrier —

Through the window into her bedroom.

"Good-bye, Wind," called Kristi. "It was fun, even if you were rude. Come again sometime."

But the Wind didn't answer. It had gone on its way, muttering and grumbling to itself.

The Martian Who Lost His "OO"

by Elizabeth Touchette

Tiggle landed his space ship on Mars with such great care that it hardly even bounced. His friends hurried to anchor it, while his father, Woggle, helped him take off his space helmet and unzip his space suit.

"Well, Tiggle. Did you enjoy your first space trip?" asked Woggle. "Was it as exciting as you expected? What did you think of Earth?"

"Terrific! I had a really geed trip," said Tiggle. "I think Earth is treely beetiful."

His father stared. His friends twiddled their ears and adjusted their antennae.

"What did you say?" asked Woggle.

"I said that Earth is treely beetiful," said Tiggle. "The sky is so blee in the daytime and the meen is so orange at night."

"Blee?" shouted Woggle. "Meen?"

"Beetiful?!" said his friends.

Tiggle looked surprised and laughed.

"That's not what I said! I said *blee*! I mean *blll . . . ee*!"

Tiggle clapped his hand over his mouth. He couldn't say *blue* no matter how hard he tried. He tried *moon* and *beautiful*, and he couldn't say them either. He just could not say an *oo* sound. The harder he tried, the more impossible it seemed. Somewhere between Earth and Mars he had lost his *oo*.

Tiggle could not say *blue*, or *flew*, or *moon*, or *spoon*, and he couldn't say *who* or *you*. He needed *oo* for *soon* and *noon* and *two* and *too* and even *true*.

Poor Tiggle couldn't even cry. When he sobbed *boo-hoo*, it came out *bee hee*, and everyone laughed. He could think of just one thing to do. He decided to give up speaking. And he did.

From that day on, Tiggle would not talk, although he thought and thought about his lost *oo*. Wherever had it gone?

Then one day, as he was polishing his space ship, the light shone on it and made it look like gold! Suddenly Tiggle remembered! Just before starting back for Mars he had leaned out of his space ship to look at a field of bright yellow goldenrod.

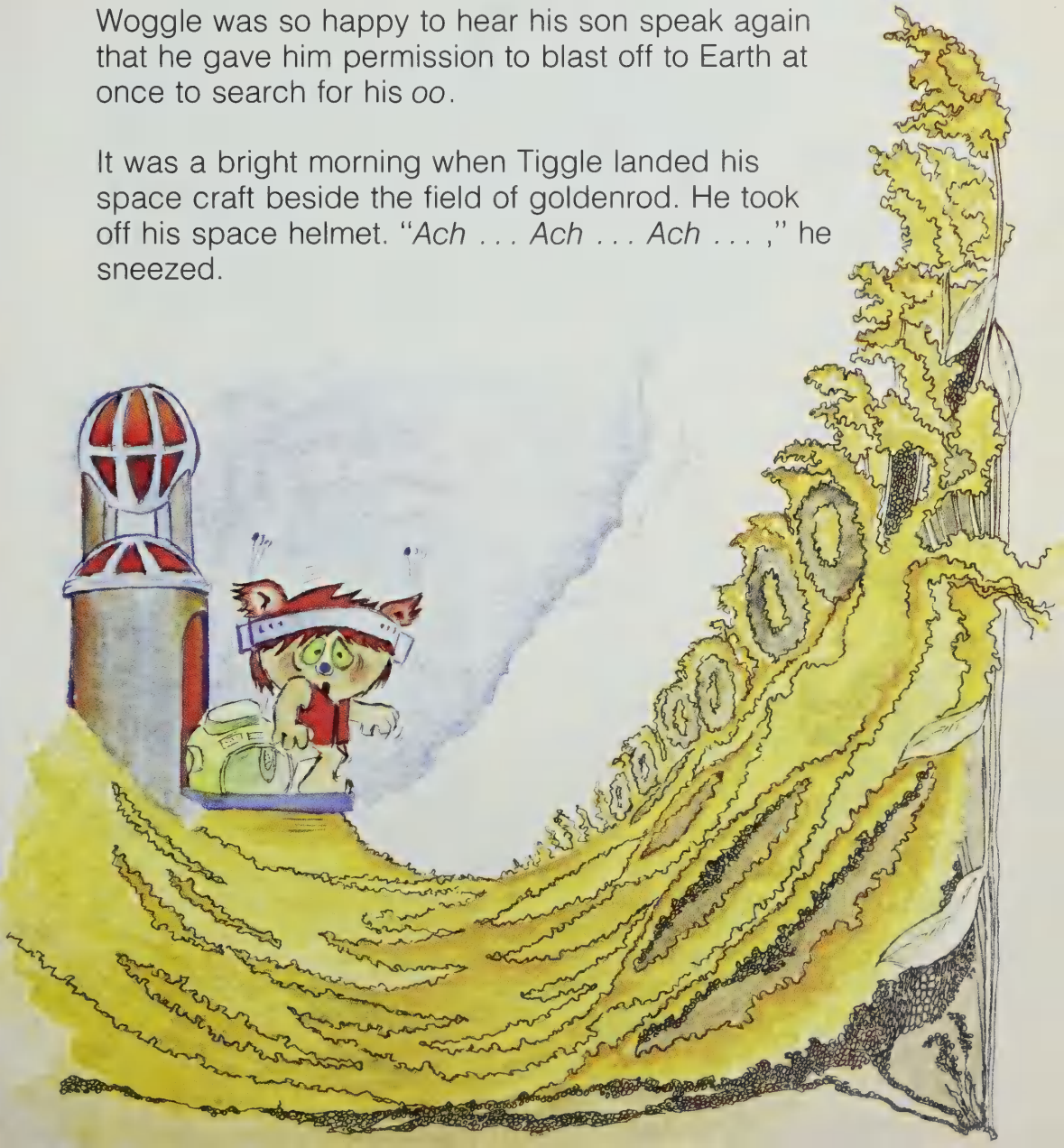
And he had sneezed. *Ah! Ah . . . ah . . . choo . . . oo . . . oo!*

He had sneezed just as his space ship had blasted off. But he was already going so fast that the *oo* couldn't catch up with him. It must still be down on Earth in that waving field of goldenrod.

Tiggle floated home as fast as he could. "Father! Father!" he shouted, and he told Woggle about that sneeze at blast-off.

Woggle was so happy to hear his son speak again that he gave him permission to blast off to Earth at once to search for his *oo*.

It was a bright morning when Tiggle landed his space craft beside the field of goldenrod. He took off his space helmet. "*Ach . . . Ach . . . Ach . . .*," he sneezed.



The goldenrod waved wildly.

" *OO . . . oo . . . oo. . . .* " The sound rose from the field and caught on to Tiggle's sneeze and echoed. "*Ach . . . oo. Ach . . . oo. Ach . . . oo.*"

Tiggle grinned and sneezed again. "*Ach . . . oo*!"

This time the *oo* was *his*, not just an echo.

Quickly he boarded his space craft. He was very, very careful not to sneeze during blast-off.

When Tiggle landed back on Mars, his father and friends were waiting.

"Did you find what you were looking for?" asked Woggle.

Tiggle didn't answer. He just sang a little song that he had practised all the way home:

"Oh dear, it's very sad but true,
I sneezed — *Achoo*! And lost my *oo*.
I cried, '*Boo-hoo*,'
And you would too,
If you lost your *oo*, *oo*, *oo*,
If you ever lost your *oo*!"

Woggle laughed. "You found your *oo*, Tiggle," he said. "I can hear that you found it!"

Would You Believe that in Canada . . .

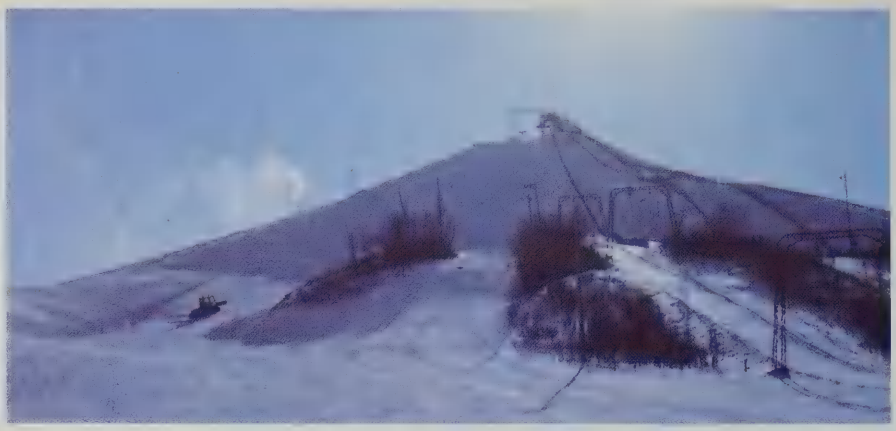
Would you believe that the sun shines at midnight?

During the Arctic summer, the sun never sets, and so it is daylight for twenty-four hours of every day. Because of this, the Arctic is known as the "Land of the Midnight Sun."

Would you believe that fish climb ladders?

Salmon always go back to the place where they were born to lay their eggs or to spawn. They swim across oceans and up mighty rivers to small inland streams. Swimming *up* river means they must go *up* the rapids and waterfalls. Many salmon are exhausted from jumping again and again to get up the bigger rapids. So on some rivers, like this one in the Yukon, fish ladders have been built to help the salmon.

Would you believe that people built a mountain?

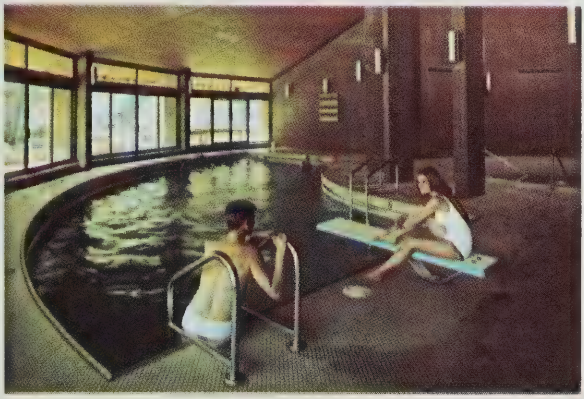


It was hard to find a good ski hill on the flat prairies of Saskatchewan, so the people ''built'' a mountain. Thousands of loads of earth were used to build Blackstrap Mountain, about fifty kilometres southeast of Saskatoon. Skiing events for the 1971 Canadian Winter Games were held on this new mountain.

Would you believe that cars coast backwards up a hill?

That's what visitors say happens at the Magnetic Hill, near Moncton, New Brunswick — they turn off the key, and their car coasts back to the top of the hill!

Would you believe that hot water bubbles up out of the ground?



There's no need to heat the water for a hot bath when you're in Harrison Hot Springs, British Columbia. The hot water just keeps bubbling up from underground to provide relaxing baths for visitors — even in the winter!

Would you believe that there are fields made of ice?

The Columbia Icefield in the Rocky Mountains is a huge field of ice. On a warm summer day you can have a snowmobile ride on Canada's only icefield south of the Arctic.

Note: All the things described in this essay are really true!

Six Little Houses

Six little houses,
Standing in a row,
Took six deep breaths
And decided to go
Away from the squash
And the jostle of the street,
Away from the hustle
And the bustle
And the heat.

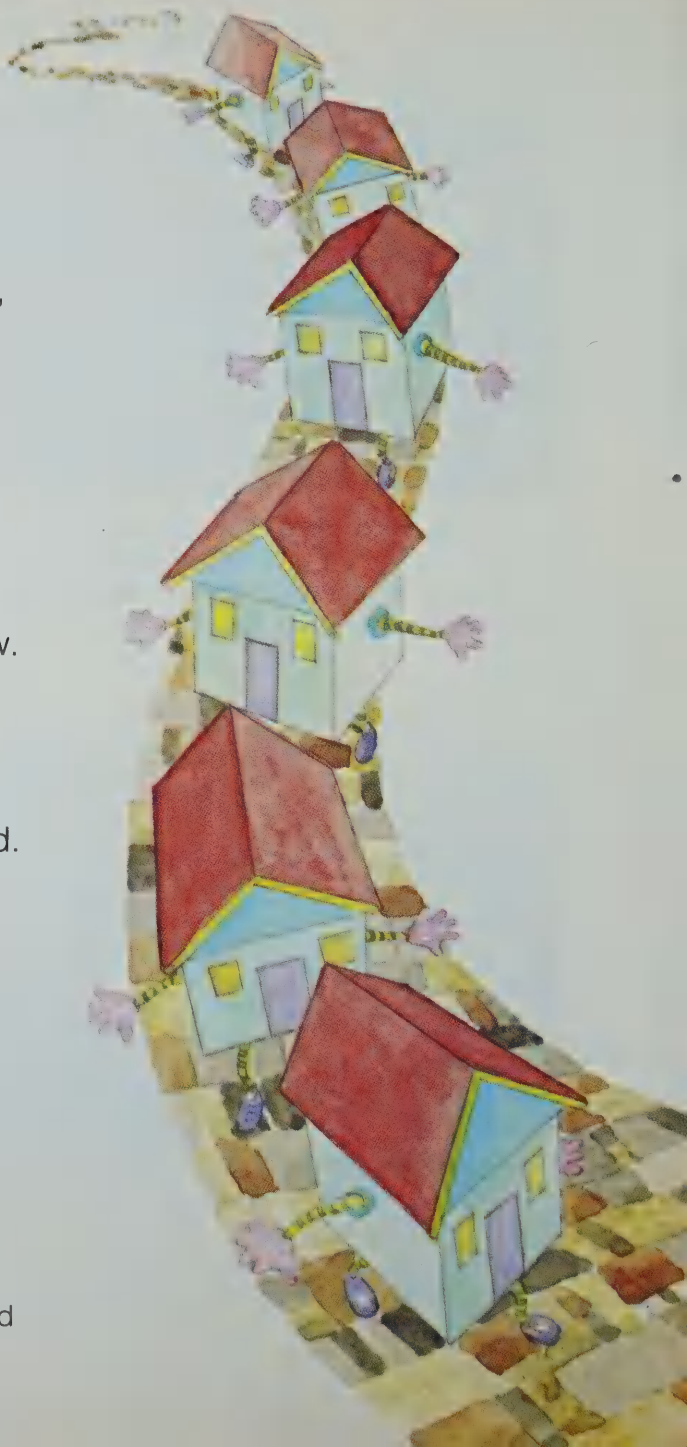
Six little houses,
Marching in a row,
Went searching
For the forests
Where the great trees grow.

Six little houses,
Walking on the sand,
Went swimming in the sea
And came back to dry land.

Six little houses
Came back to the street,
Back to the squash
And the jostle
And the heat.

Six little houses
With roofs all red
Sighed six deep sighs
And went to bed!

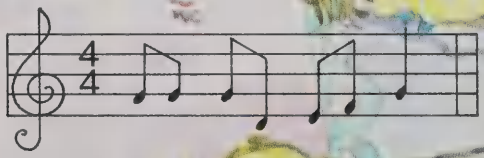
Joan Goddard



Mary Emma Banburybun

by Joan Goddard

Mary Emma, where are you?
Mary Emma, make the stew,
Mary Emma, sweep the floor,
Mary Emma, close the door.



Mary Emma, are you there?
Mary Emma, dust the stair,
Mary Emma, wash the dishes...

"Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear," Mary Emma sighed. "I wonder if anyone else lives in a castle with one thousand one hundred and one rooms *and* five hundred and fifty-nine relatives."

Mary Emma Banburybun had always lived in the castle with her uncle, Baron Bonbol. One spring morning, he was called away to help the King. Just two days later all their relatives closed their own castles, because it cost so much to keep them warm, and came to stay with Mary Emma.

There were two hundred cousins,
three hundred nieces,
thirty uncles,
twenty aunts,
and nine nephews.

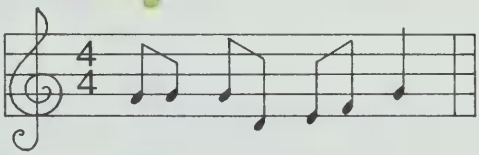
And they all thought Mary Emma should do all the work. Two salty round tears rolled down Mary Emma's cheeks and plopped on the floor.

Suddenly Mary Emma heard someone cough. She looked up, and standing before her was Baron Bonbol.

Mary Emma jumped up and threw her arms around him. "Oh, Uncle, I'm so happy you're home again!"

But Baron Bonbol looked very grave. "Mary Emma, I'm not happy about what's going on here. Everywhere I go I hear —

Mary Emma, where are you?
Mary Emma, make the stew,
Mary Emma, sweep the floor,
Mary Emma, close the door.



Mary Emma, are you there?
Mary Emma, dust the stair,
Mary Emma, wash the dishes...

"Mary Emma, can you do all this?"

"No, Uncle," sighed Mary Emma.

"Then why do you try?"

"But, Uncle, what else can I do?" asked Mary Emma.

"Just say NO!"

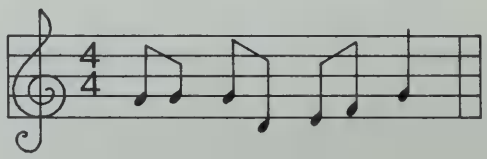
Mary Emma's eyes opened wide. "But I can't say No."

Baron Bonbol smiled. "Try it and see."

Mary Emma tried a soft No! Then she tried a loud NO! Then she tried a high No! Then a low No! Then a red No! Then a blue No! Then a brown No! Then she clapped her hands and stamped her feet and tried out No's until the whole room was filled with NO's of every shape, size, and color.

Just then all the relatives came grumbling and tumbling into the room. They were sniffling and snuffling, and huffling and puffling, pushing and shoving, clanging and banging, glaring and staring.

Mary Emma, are you there?
Mary Emma, curl my hair,
Mary Emma, fix my shoe,
Mary Emma, come here, do.



For a minute, Mary Emma didn't say a word. Then she stood up very tall. She took a very deep breath. Then she said a GREAT, BIG, HUGE, LOUD, RED

"NO!"

Well! Mary Emma's relatives couldn't believe their ears. They stared at each other.
They whispered and murmured
and
muttered and gabbled.
They
wrung their hands
and
chattered and babbled.

They clickered and clackered
and nittered and nattered.
They stamped and they bounced
and they banged and they sulked.
They pouted and frowned
and they glared and they skulked.

"But . . .

Who will cook? Who will sweep? Who will dust?
Who will mow?
Who will bake? Who will wash? Who will scrub?
WHO will sew?
Who will? Who will? Who will? Who will?"

Just at that moment, Baron Bonbol stepped forward.

"YOU will!" he roared.

The relatives were suddenly silent.

Baron Bonbol frowned, banged his cane loudly upon the floor, and said:

For one full week
You will cook and clean,
Or never again
Will you be seen.

The relatives knew that Baron Bonbol was a very powerful magician, so they scurried out of the room as fast as they could.

They weren't used to castle work. At first they slithered and slopped and cracked and dropped. Burnt their fingers, stubbed their toes. Put salt in the sugar and tea in the coffee. Lost *all* the bedspreads and melted the toffee.

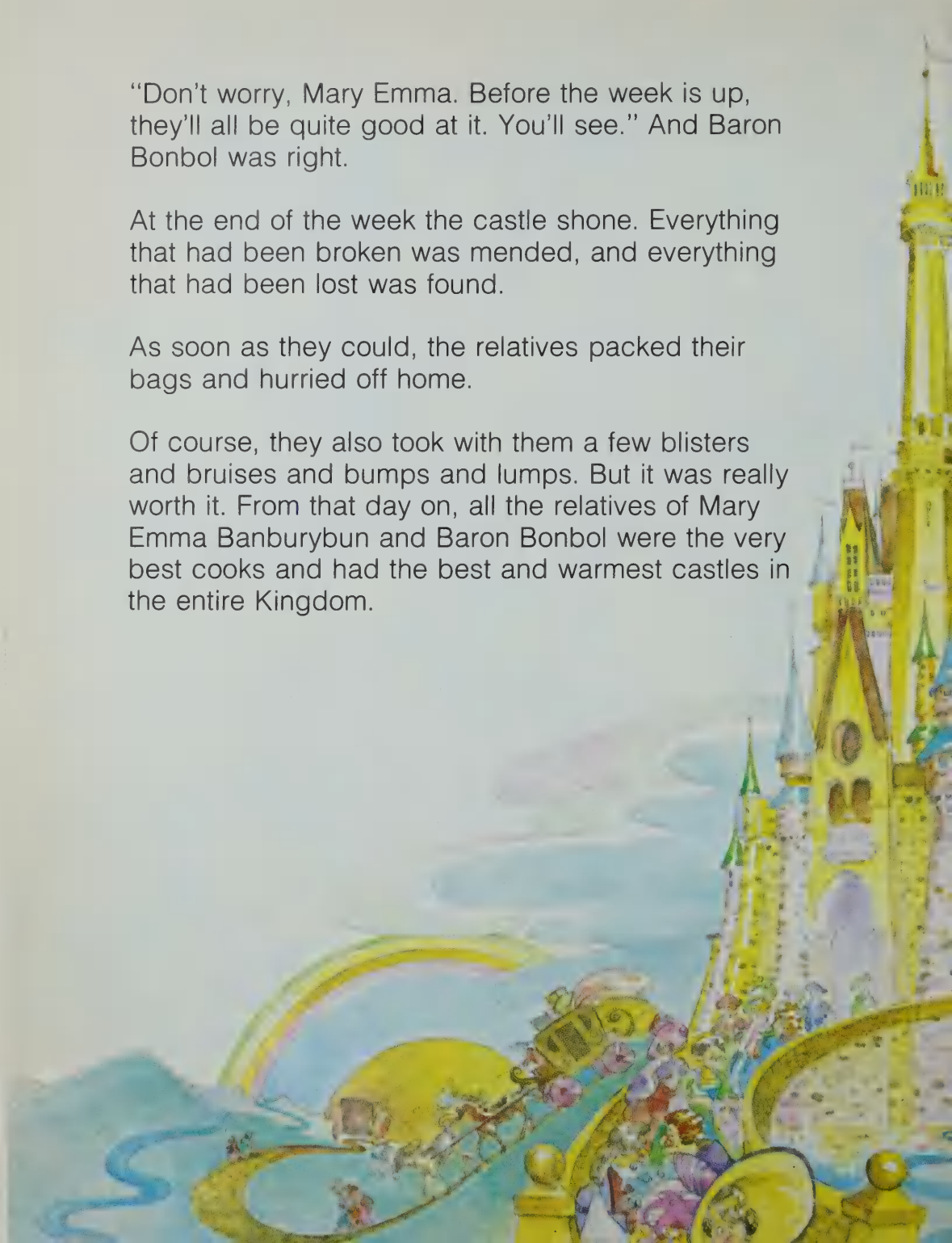
Mary Emma was upset to see what was happening, but Baron Bonbol just smiled.

"Don't worry, Mary Emma. Before the week is up, they'll all be quite good at it. You'll see." And Baron Bonbol was right.

At the end of the week the castle shone. Everything that had been broken was mended, and everything that had been lost was found.

As soon as they could, the relatives packed their bags and hurried off home.

Of course, they also took with them a few blisters and bruises and bumps and lumps. But it was really worth it. From that day on, all the relatives of Mary Emma Banburybun and Baron Bonbol were the very best cooks and had the best and warmest castles in the entire Kingdom.



When You Read

There are lots of things to read about in *Handstands*. All the stories so far have been about the world of make-believe where anything that you can imagine, can happen.

As you read the rest of the book, you will learn about some interesting things that people in Canada do; you will find out about the strange habits of some animals; you will read stories about a boy who meets a bear and a girl who saves a cat; and you will find a lot of other stories and poems too!

When you read, it is important to think about what the author is telling you. It helps if you ask yourself questions as you read — *Could this really happen? Would I like to do that? Did I ever see an animal like the one the author describes?* Talk about the ideas with your teacher and your friends.

If the author uses a word you don't know, ask yourself:

What is the sentence or story about?
What letter does the word begin with?
What word would make sense?
What word would fit in the sentence?

When you think you know what the word is, try it out in the sentence.

The Little Angry Skunks

by Adelaide Leitch

The bear cub was roly-poly as a puff-ball, and busy as a bumblebee, and curious as could be. In the very few moons that he had *been* a bear cub, he had never, ever, met a skunk!

Let alone three.

The bear cub cocked his furry ears, and wriggled on his furry seat, and sniffed his small, wet blackberry of a nose right into the middle of them.

In all the forest, there was nothing angrier than these three little skunks.

They told each other of their angriness.

They filled the clearing in the forest with their angriness.

They stamped their small hind feet until the pads were sore.

They waved their plumy tails until they nearly shook them off.

But nothing came of it.

Nothing at all.

They were just too small.

And still the black bear cub cocked his furry ears . . .

And wriggled on his furry seat . . .

And sniffed his small, wet blackberry of a nose right into the middle of them.

And he pushed them over!

How was he to know that it is a law of the forest that you shall *not* cock a furry ear and wriggle on a furry seat and tease a little skunk and make it angry?

And who was there in the forest at that moment who could tell him?

Not the Old Mother Skunk! She knew, but she was on the other side of the clearing, hunting for mice.

Not the Old Mother Bear! She knew, but she was deep in the woods, sniffing out a honey tree.

Not the little winds of the forest, or the talking leaves of the poplar, or the stream that bubbled and sang. They knew, but they also knew that the bear cub must find out for himself. stop.

It was a good thing that the little skunks were just too small!

Now, when the sun had moved until it was sitting above the tallest pine tree, the Old Mother Bear finished hunting for honey and came back out of the woods to look for her cub.

And when she saw him — ! *Well!*
She ran with the speed of the west wind.
She galloped with the speed of light.
And she cuffed her cub on his furry ears.
She boxed him on his furry seat.
She nipped him on his small, wet blackberry nose.

She was so angry that she upset the three little skunks herself and sent them, head over heels, right into the daisies.

When she saw what she had done, she ran helter-skelter from the clearing, chasing her cub before her.

And only just in time! The Old Mother Skunk came back looking for *her* babies.

She sniffed the air.
She stamped her hind feet.
And she waved her plumy tail.

Then she peered and she sniffed and she stamped some more. But there was nothing in the clearing now but her own little skunks. They were picking themselves up, shaking the daisies from their fur, and looking as ruffled as leaves in a windstorm.

And so the Old Mother Skunk led the way back into the forest, with the angry little skunks following her in single file.

Still telling each other of their angriness.
Still filling the clearing with their angriness.
Still stamping their small hind feet.
Still waving their plumy tails until they nearly shook them off.

But nothing came of it.

Nothing at all.

They were just too small.

Animal Ways

The river otter: fresh-water clown

Otters live close to water and spend hours at a time playing in it. They splash in the rapids, play tag with each other, and use things like clamshells or an overhanging tree branch as water toys. Most of all, otters love to slide; they can't resist a steep bank. In summer, they will wet a mud bank with their soaking fur and slide down again and again, making the slide so swift and smooth that they go hurtling into the water at great speeds. In winter, they slide down icy banks and slopes.

The flying squirrel: night glider

The flying squirrel can rush up a tree, leap out into the air — and glide to the next tree by spreading wide its arms and legs. When it does this, folded skin, that stretches from its wrists to its ankles, opens up and acts as wings or a sort of parachute. To land, the squirrel skilfully brakes to a stop by using its wrists and tail.

Flying squirrels are hard to see, however, because they seldom come out of their nests in the daytime or land on the ground.

The musk-ox: the "bearded one"

Eskimos call the musk-ox *oomingmak* (the bearded one). Enemies find it almost impossible to harm the strong, sturdy musk-ox. When threatened by danger, musk-oxen gather together and form a circle. The big bulls, and sometimes some of the cows, stand shoulder to shoulder, facing outward. The calves are herded into the middle of the ring, safely protected from danger. The attacker faces a solid wall of powerful musk-oxen armed with sharp, heavy horns and strong, nimble feet. The enemy usually decides it is safer to leave the musk-oxen alone.

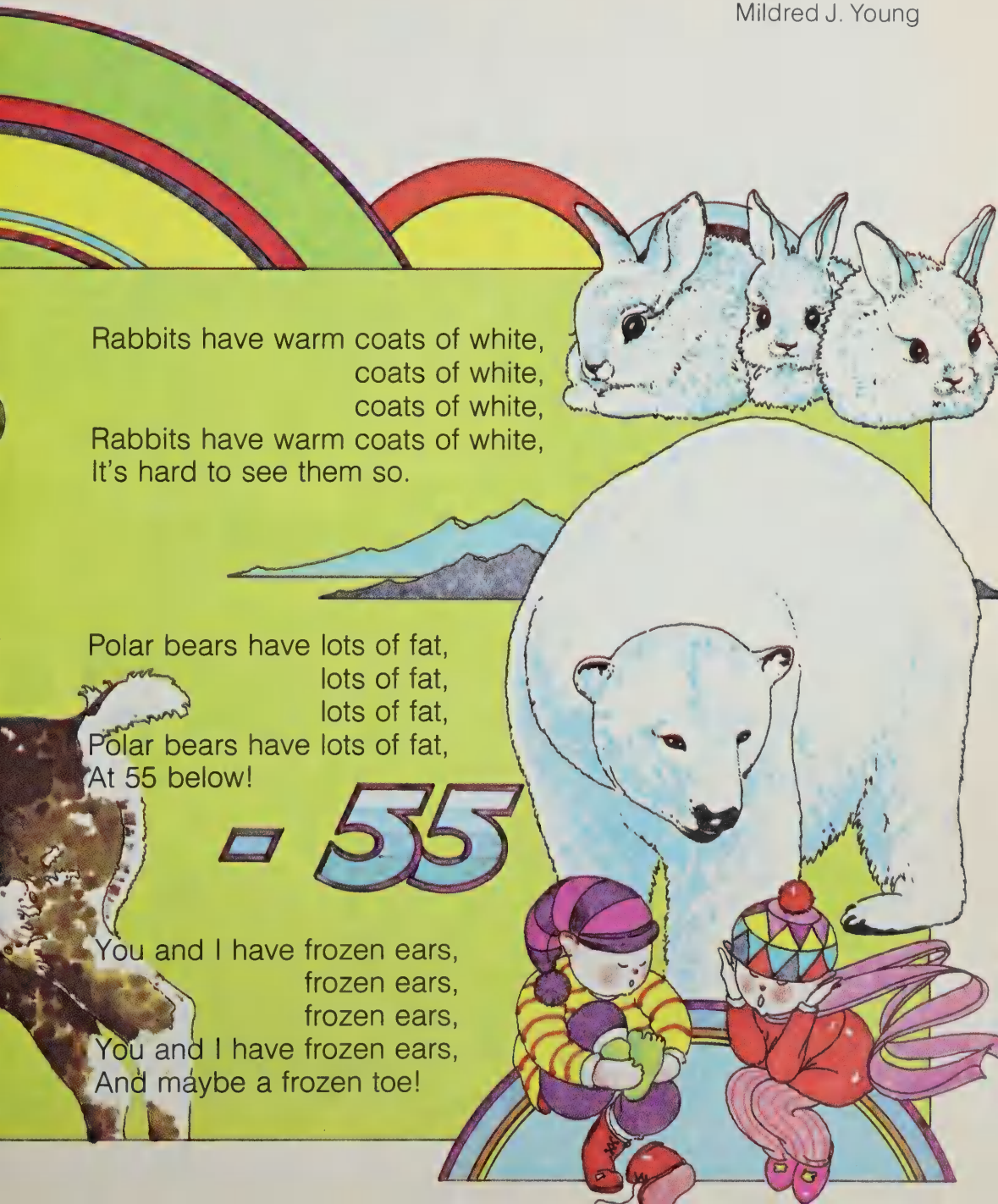
PTARMIGAN HAVE FURRY FEET

Ptarmigan have furry feet,
furry feet,
furry feet,
Ptarmigan have furry feet,
For walking on the snow.

Caribou have pointed horns,
pointed horns,
pointed horns,
Caribou have pointed horns,
Where the north winds blow.

Foxes have such bushy tails,
bushy tails,
bushy tails,
Foxes have such bushy tails,
Waving to and fro.

Mildred J. Young



Rabbits have warm coats of white,
coats of white,
coats of white,
Rabbits have warm coats of white,
It's hard to see them so.

Polar bears have lots of fat,
lots of fat,
lots of fat,
Polar bears have lots of fat,
At 55 below!

You and I have frozen ears,
frozen ears,
frozen ears,
You and I have frozen ears,
And maybe a frozen toe!

Charlie Meets a Bear

by Susan Hiebert

It was early evening, and the sun shone in Charlie Horn's eyes as he came around the bend in the road. He slowed the tractor and squinted, trying to make out what was coming toward him. It looked like a black bundle rolling down the middle of the road. Then it came closer, and he could see it clearly. A bear! A big black bear!

Charlie's hands gripped the steering wheel. He was used to seeing bears in the woods around Koostafak, but this was different. He knew that a mother bear in April could be dangerous, and this one was walking down the middle of the road as if she owned it.

Once in a while she would turn off into the ditch and then, after a minute, she would come back on to the road. Charlie couldn't figure out what the bear was doing, and he was afraid.

The road leading to his father's farm was so narrow that there was no room to pass on either side of the bear, and the tractor would get stuck for sure if Charlie turned it into the ditch. He slowed down until the tractor was only crawling and wished that his father was there to tell him what to do.

The bear was standing still now, staring at Charlie, who was so close he could see her soft eyes. When he looked into her face like that, she didn't seem mean, but when he looked at her size, he was afraid all over again. She *was* big!

The bear stood up on her hind legs, then, with a quick jump, leaped into the ditch. Whew! Charlie let out a big sigh. She was leaving. She was afraid of him.

Charlie watched the bear galloping along the ditch and was glad that she wasn't chasing him. The little farm tractor that he was driving couldn't go faster than sixteen kilometres an hour, and he was sure the bear could go faster than that if she tried.

Charlie shifted gears on the tractor and started off again, wondering what the bear would do next. There was something strange about the way she had stood in the middle of the road. Suddenly he saw her again, this time heading straight for him and the tractor, running as hard as she could.

Charlie's heart stopped — he was sure it had stopped. He felt cold and icy with fear.

The big bear skidded to a stop right in front of the tractor. She looked at Charlie only for a minute, but it seemed like an hour to him. He had never been so frightened in his life.

Suddenly, Charlie saw something in the snow behind the bear. It was a little, round, black ball of fur. A bear cub!

Now Charlie understood why the bear had been acting so strangely. She was afraid something would hurt her cub. The noisy tractor must be frightening her. Very slowly, so he wouldn't startle her, Charlie reached his hand towards the ignition key and shut off the motor. The bear growled deep in her throat. Maybe she had been growling all the time, but Charlie had not been able to hear her above the noise of the motor.

The cub was walking slowly, stopping to sniff at things as it walked along. The mother was watching Charlie. Charlie smiled at her. He did not know if the bear could tell when a person was smiling, but he hoped it would make her feel better. He wanted her to know that he wouldn't hurt her cub.

The slow-moving little bear was close to the tractor now, and Charlie saw the big bear quiver. He was frightened all over again. What if the mother still thought he was going to hurt her baby, and attacked him? With the engine switched off, he could never get away from her. But the mother bear just stood there, looking at Charlie until her baby got past the tractor, and then she followed it into the ditch.

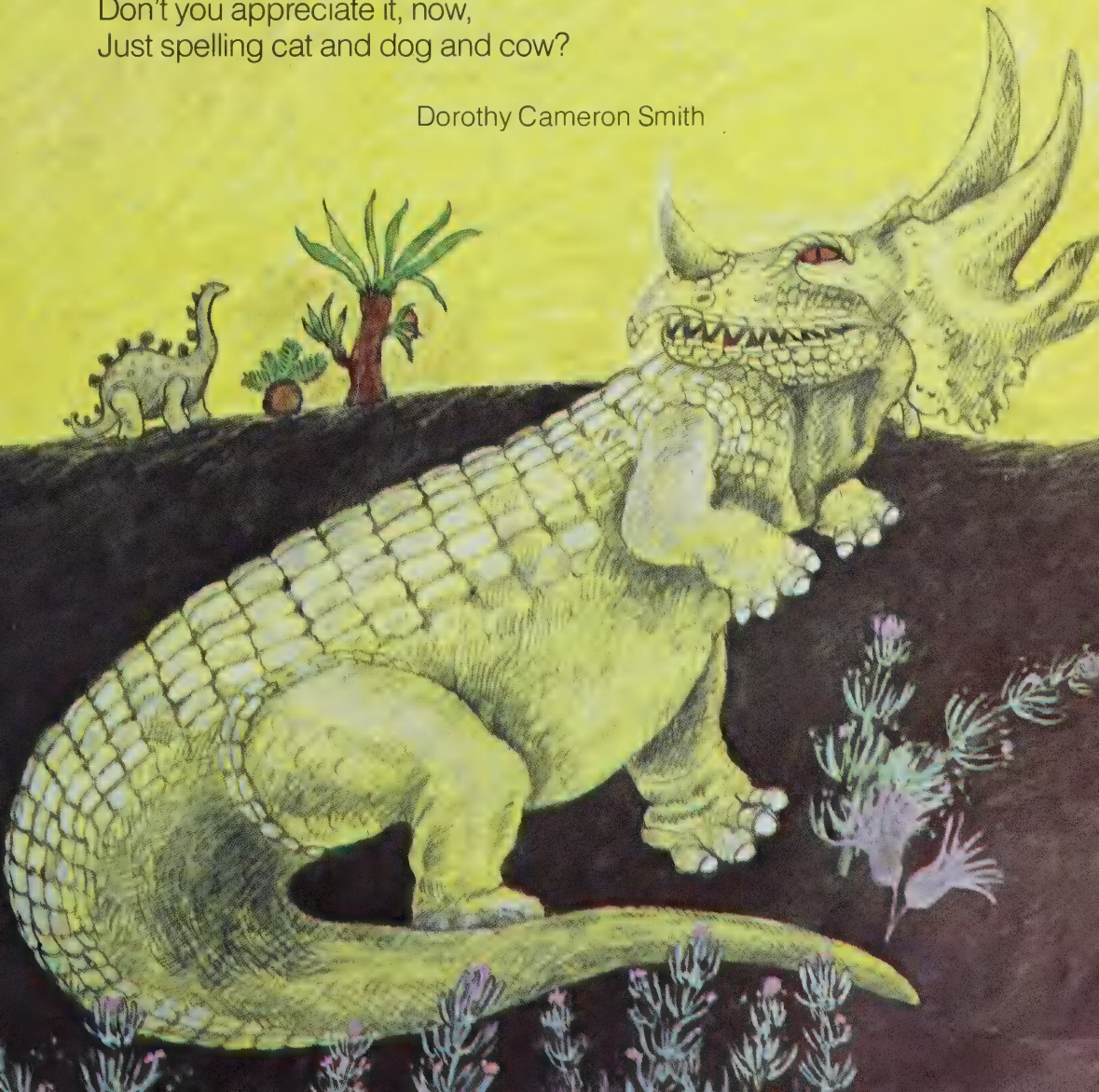
Charlie waited until the mother bear and her cub were a long way down the road before he started up the tractor. But then he really hurried. He could hardly wait to get home and tell his mom and dad about the bear. And tomorrow he would tell all the kids in school about how he had frightened that poor bear.

Charlie remembered that the bear had frightened him too, but he decided not to tell that part.

A LUCKY AGE

If you had lived with dinosaurs, let's face it,
could you quell them?
With plateosaurus, styracosaurus, you'd find it
hard to spell them.
Don't you appreciate it, now,
Just spelling cat and dog and cow?

Dorothy Cameron Smith



The People of Mols

by Noreen Shelley

The little town of Mols was far away from other towns, on a rocky point that jutted out into the green and blue waters of the sea. The people of Mols did not know much about how people lived in other places. In Mols they lived by fishing, as their parents had lived before them.

One day the mayor said to the others, "It is time we went over the hills to see how people live in other places. Maybe they can teach us something new and better."

"Why?" asked the others. "No place in the world could be better than our town of Mols."

But the mayor wanted to see, and, finally, some of the others said they would go.

"But you will see that we are right," they insisted. "Mols is better than any other town, and our ways are better than the ways of other people. Anyone knows that."

Next morning they started out on their travels as soon as the sun was up. Over the hill they went, and down the road into a valley where people were hard at work pulling corn.

"Now *that* is something new," said the mayor. "We could grow our own corn and then we would have corn as well as fish."

"Growing corn is no work for us," said the others. "We are all fishers, as our parents were before us. It is better for us to fish, and to buy the corn we want."

On they went again, and on and on, until finally they came to a fine big town by the sea.

Here the people of Mols saw so many people, and so many houses and shops, that they did not know which way to look first. But they said to each other, "There are so many things to see in this fine, big town that it's confusing. It is not as good as our quiet little town of Mols."

Then they came to the harbor, and saw the fishing boats coming home from their day at sea. The boats were blue and white and red and yellow. The wind was blowing them over the sea, and the people of Mols were fascinated. They just could not stop looking at them.

"Here is something better than we have in Mols," said the mayor. "If we had boats like these, we would not have to sit and fish from the rocks. We could sail far over the water, and bring back loads of fish from the deep green sea."

And finally the people all said to each other, "That's right."

The mayor was pleased and said, "We'll buy one of these boats and take it back with us to Mols."

So they went down to the harbor, where many boats were tied up at the dock. They found the man who watched over the boats, and asked him to sell them one. He was willing to sell, but boats cost a great deal, and the people of Mols found they had far too little money. They sat down to talk it over.

At last the mayor said, "Look at that big fishing boat with a little boat tied on behind. That little boat must be the big boat's child. If we buy the child and take it back to Mols, and wait long enough, it will grow into a big boat."

So they took their money to the man at the harbor and bought a little boat.

Home went the people of Mols, through the valleys and over the hills, carrying the little boat on their backs. Along the road they went, till they came to their own little town of Mols on the rocky point that jutted out into the sea.

They put the boat-child down on some green grass. "It will eat the grass and grow fat and big," they said to each other.

For many days they watched the baby boat, but the little boat did not grow fat and big like its mother. It was just as small as the day when the people of Mols first saw it.

The people asked, "Why doesn't it grow?"

"I don't know," said the mayor sadly — and indeed no one knew.

"Maybe it is just as well," said the mayor at last. "Our town is not like the big town over the hills, and our ways are not the ways of the people in other places. What was good for our parents must be good for us. We are the people of Mols, after all, and we must live as the people of Mols have lived before us."

"We told you so," said the others.

So they let the children play with the little boat, and to this day the people of Mols do their fishing from the rocks.

Peter's Holiday

by Muriel Maclean

Everyone was going to the Moon for the holidays. No one wanted to go to the beach or the mountains any more. That was old stuff, but a trip to the Moon —well, that was new, and it really gave the travellers something to talk about when they came home.

Nils and Troy and André and Toni were all going with their families, and they all came by to tell Peter about it. They found him working behind the grocery store where he lived with his mother. He was whistling as he planted seeds in a tomato can.

"We're going to the Moon," they called. "As soon as school is out in June! What about you, Peter? Can you go with us?"

But Peter said, "No . . . I can't go. . . . Mom needs me to help her in the store. No, not this summer. Maybe next year I'll be able to go."

"I wouldn't want to be you," said Troy. "You'll be the only kid here all summer. You won't have anything to *do*." And the tour children hurried home to try on their space suits again.

Peter thought for a while about what his friends had said, then he went on planting seeds, and in a few more minutes he was whistling again.

Summer came, and holidays. People flocked out to the launching pads and soared away. Nils and Troy and André and Toni went on the first flight.

Peter went to see them off and then walked slowly back toward home. He remembered what his friends had said about being on his own all summer — and

he began to feel a bit lonely. Then he noticed that everything around him seemed different.

The tall buildings that had always seemed like walls, keeping out light and air, appeared to have moved apart to let in more sun. Instead of noisy crowds rushing in all directions, only a few people were in the streets.

Peter gave a hop and a skip and turned a cartwheel on the sidewalk. Earth seemed to bounce beneath his feet. "Just like a trampoline," thought Peter. "Maybe it's because it's lighter with no people here to weigh it down."

Then he thought again. "Maybe the kids have all gone to the Moon, but *I'm* spending the summer on a *planet*! And it's a pretty *special* planet. I think I'll take a look around this old planet of mine and see what I can find to do." And (after leaving a note for his mother) he set off to explore his very own Earth.

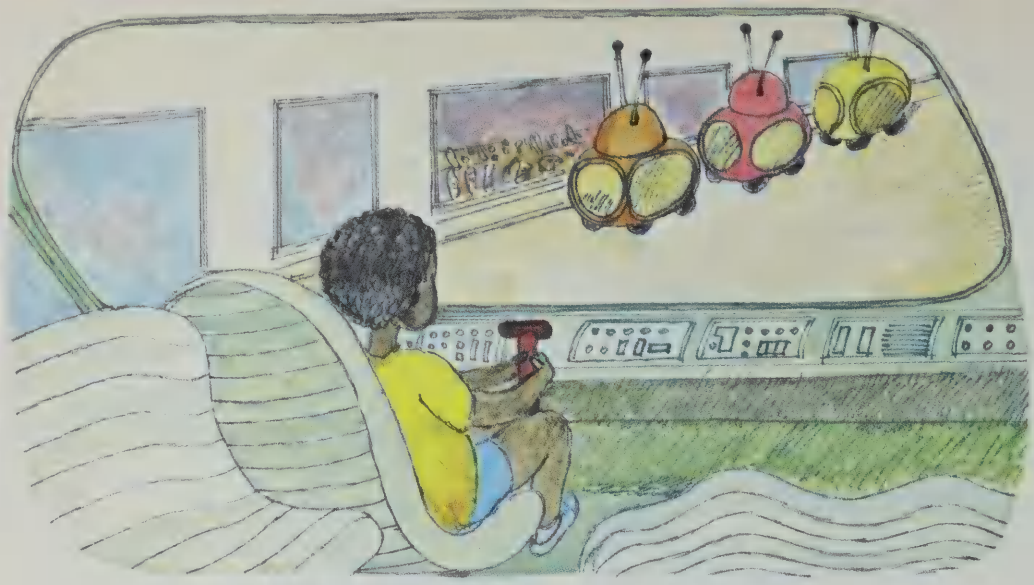
At the end of the street there was an ice-cream cart with a note stuck on it with a popsicle stick. It said:

HELP YOURSELF. GONE TO MOON.
SEE YOU IN SEPTEMBER.

Peter helped himself to a popsicle and an ice-cream bar. Then, eating a fudgsicle, he walked on.

At the corner there was a bus with no one in it. Pinned to the door was a sign:

DRIVE YOURSELF. GONE TO MOON.
SEE YOU IN SEPTEMBER.



Peter had always wanted to drive a bus, but, of course, he had never had a chance. So he got in and drove all over the city, up and down streets he had never seen before. He stopped once to let an old man on, and again to wait for a woman with a baby.

"No charge!" he said, and he took them right to their doors, then drove off, whistling.

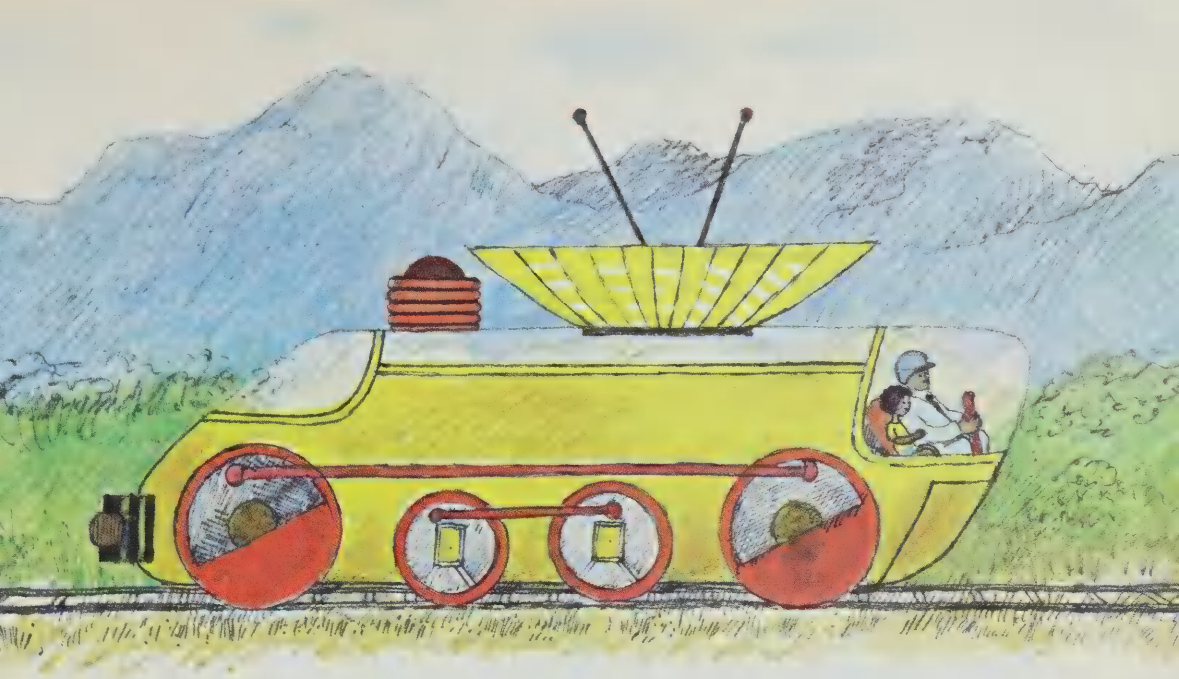
He drove right across the city and parked the bus while he went into the train station.

There was a magnificent train, long and shining, with enormous wheels, standing idle on the tracks. The engineer was sitting beside the engine looking bored.

"No one wants to travel by train any more," he said. "All they care about is space craft."

"Oh, please, I do!" said Peter. "I've never been on a train and I'd love to take a good long trip with you."

"You would? Then come on, and you can have a private train."



The engineer started the locomotive. The huge wheels turned slowly at first, but then went faster and faster. The engineer took Peter right across the land, over prairies, up mountains, through forests, until they came to the ocean.

"That's it," he said. "My train can't cross the ocean, so we'd better turn back."

"Oh, please, not yet," Peter begged. "I have never seen the ocean. I would love to walk on the beach."

"Go ahead," said the engineer, "and take your time. I'll wait for you."

So Peter ran down to the sea, and swam among the waves, and gathered shells, and made friends with a little twinkling crab and with a purple star fish. Then he walked further along the shore, letting the waves tickle his feet, until he saw a huge ship, floating on the sea.

The captain, looking very bored, was leaning on the bridge of the ship.

"No one likes ships any more," he said. "All people want to do is go rocketing about in space. They don't want to sail on the ocean."

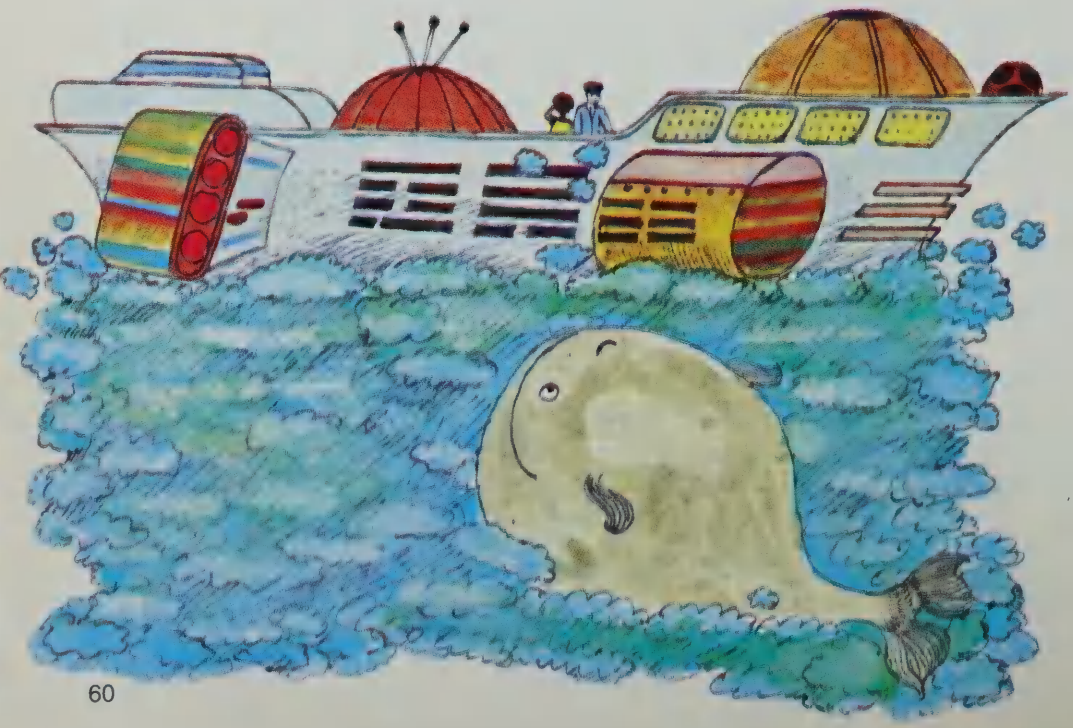
"I do!" cried Peter, "I've never been on a ship. I'd love to sail with you!"

"You would? Then come aboard!" And the captain started his engines humming and took Peter far across the sea.

Peter stood with the captain on the bridge and let the salty waves spray him. He put his hand to his eyes and gazed out across the tumbling green water.

"Whale to starboard, sir," he reported.

The whale opened one eye and winked at Peter as the captain steered respectfully around it.

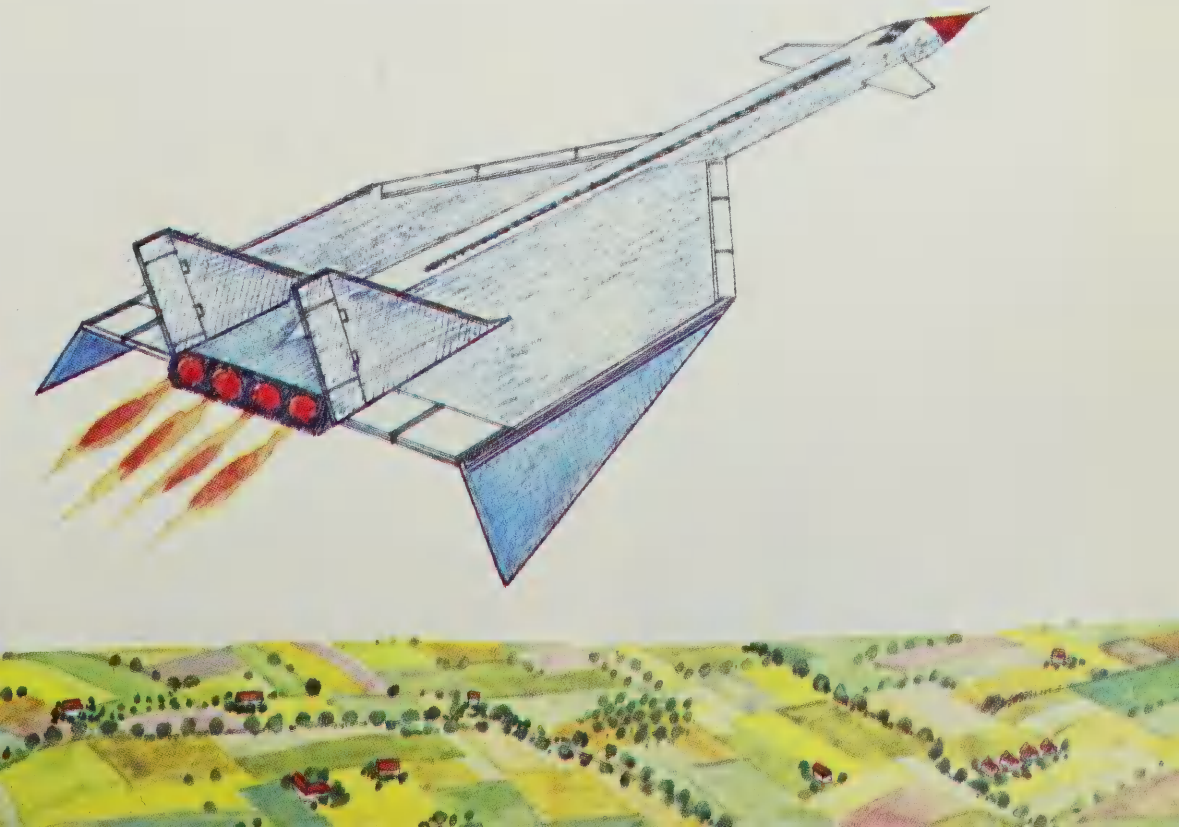


When they got to the other shore, there was an airplane sitting like a bird with silver wings spread wide and waiting. The pilot was looking idly from the cockpit.

"No one likes airplanes any more," he said. "They don't go far enough or fast enough."

"They do for me!" said Peter. "I have never flown at all and I think your plane is beautiful. Will you take me to Africa? I would like to go on a safari. I think perhaps no one wants to go on safaris any more, so they might be glad to have me. Will you take me there, and when I've had my safari take me back to my train?"

"*Will* I! Let's go!" The pilot started the jet engines, and the plane taxied down the runway and took off.



When Nils and Troy and André and Toni got back from the Moon in September, they stood about for a while, looking rather green and cold, wondering what to do.

"Let's go see Peter," said André.

"Yes," said Nils. "I wonder what he did all summer with everyone holidaying on the Moon."

So they all ran off to the grocery store. They were surprised to find Peter, very sun-browned and happy, whistling as he watered the geraniums in the tomato can.

"*We've* been to the Moon," boasted André.

"Really?" said Peter. "Was it nice?"

"Yes," said Toni. "But next year we're going to *Mars*. Everyone is! The Moon is old stuff now."

"*Really*?" Peter was interested now. "Are you sure no one will want to go to the Moon? Are you sure *everyone* will be going to Mars?"

"Everyone we know. We can hardly wait! What will you do next summer, Peter, when everyone goes to Mars?"

Peter smiled, "I think . . . ," he said slowly, "that next year I'll go to the Moon!"

The Moon

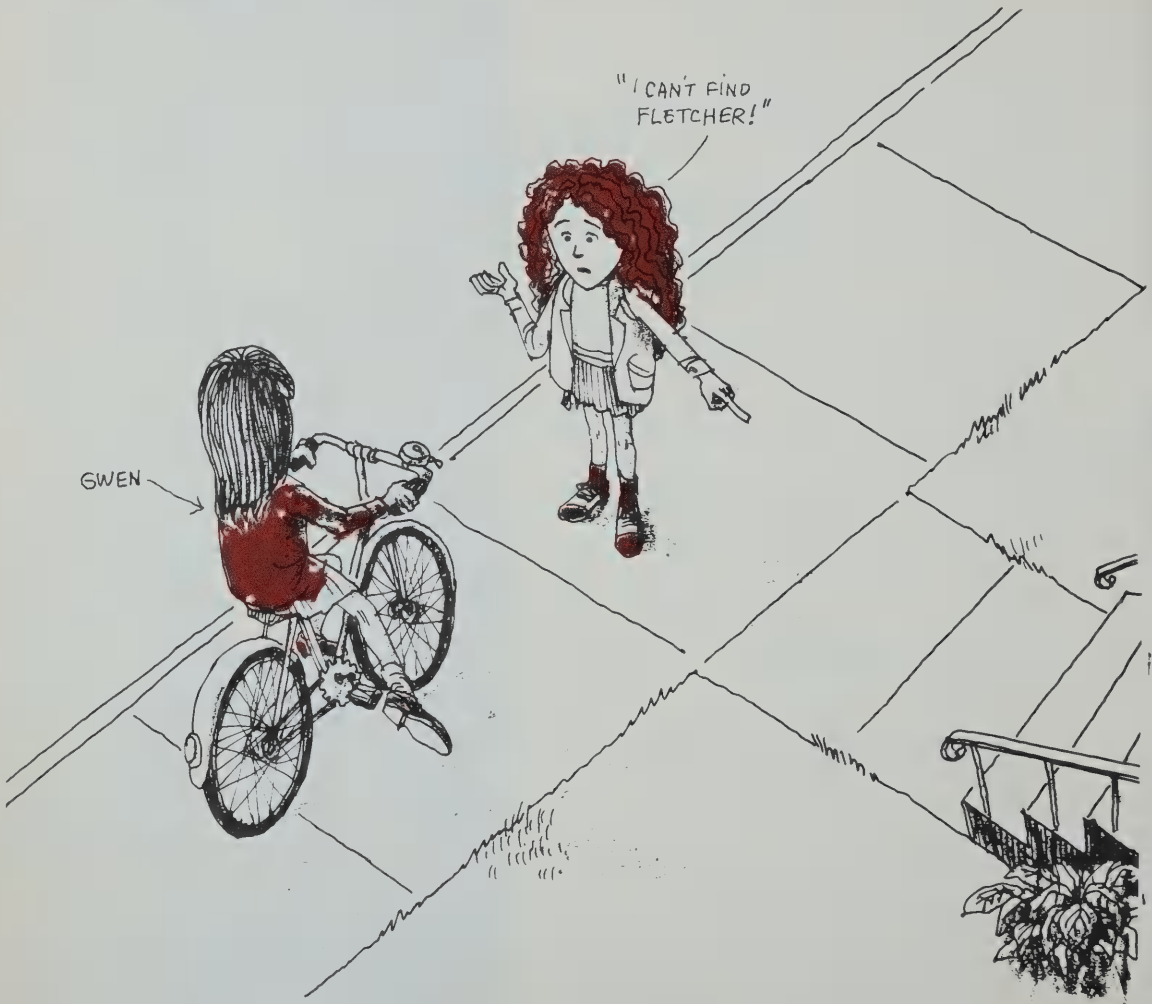
How can people
land on the moon?
It's not in the sky all afternoon!
It's there at night
but it leaves as soon
as the sky gets bright
with the sun in sight.

How can people
live on the moon?
It's seldom full like a big balloon.
When it gets as thin
as a silver spoon
where could folks go
I'd like to know?

Aileen Fisher

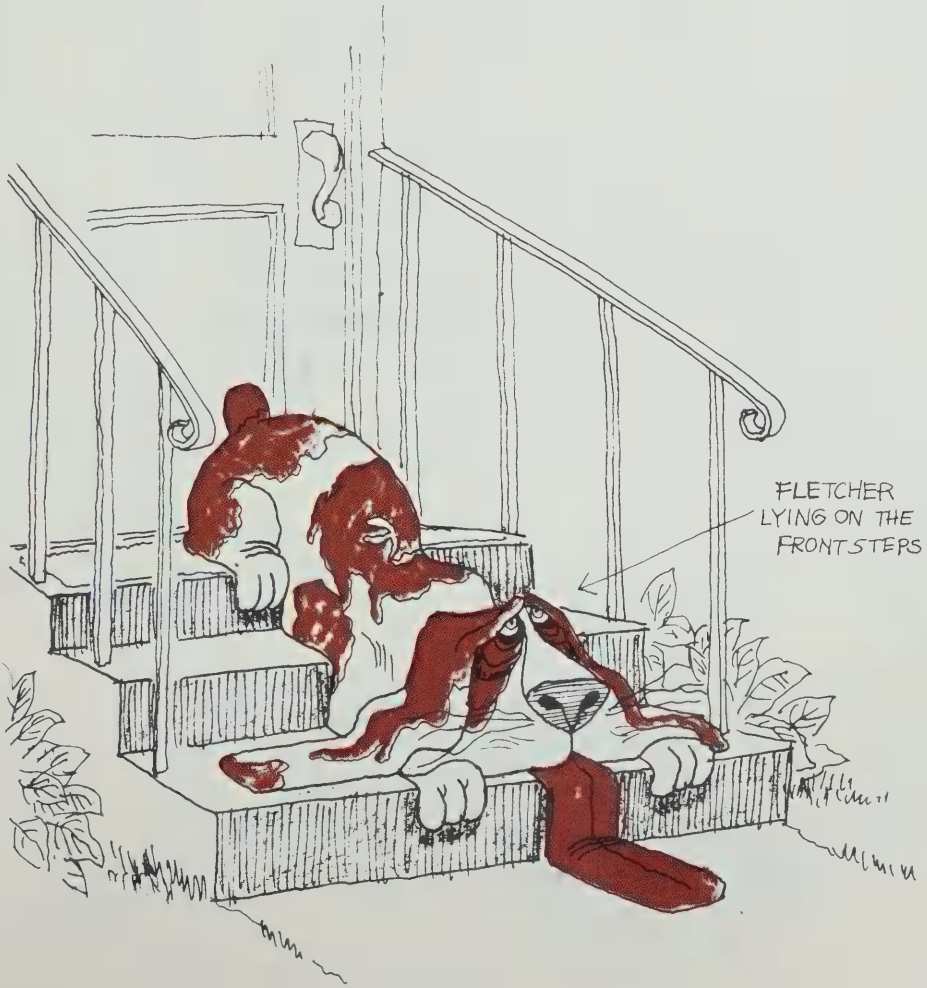
Something Strange Is Going On

by Elizabeth Levy



One day Jill came home and Fletcher wasn't there. She went outside to look around. She ran into her friend Gwen. "Hey," Jill said, "I can't find Fletcher."

Fletcher was not the kind of dog to run away. In fact, Fletcher hardly ever moved at all. Every day when Jill came home, Fletcher got up off the front steps and wagged his tail. This was exercise to Fletcher.



"Maybe something strange is going on," said Gwen. "Do you think somebody snatched Fletcher?" She began to tap the braces on her teeth.

"Don't be silly," said Jill. "What would somebody want Fletcher for?"

"I don't know, but it seems weird to me. We'll get to the bottom of this. I'll help you," said Gwen.

All afternoon Gwen and Jill searched for Fletcher. By nighttime Jill was really worried. When her mother came home from work, Jill told her that Fletcher was missing.

"It'll be all right," said her mother. "A dog like Fletcher can't go far. I'll call the police."

The police said that nobody had called in about a funny-looking dog named Fletcher.

At school the next day Gwen asked Jill if there was any news.

"He's been gone all night," said Jill. "He didn't come home."

As soon as school was over Jill and Gwen ran to Jill's house. Fletcher wasn't there.

"The police are not going to find Fletcher," said Gwen. "They don't even know him. We have to make a house-to-house search and ask if anybody has seen him."

"Not everybody knows what Fletcher looks like," said Jill.

"You're right!" said Gwen. "Get some paper and crayons."

Jill and Gwen each made drawings of Fletcher. Then they were ready to begin the search.

MR. HOLLANDER

The first house they came to was the Hollanders'.

"It's an awfully cute little drawing," said Mr. Hollander. "Which of you girls did it?"

"I did," said Jill. "But have you seen Fletcher?"

"How long has he been missing?" asked Mr. Hollander.

"Since yesterday," said Gwen.

"Well, don't worry. My dog goes away for days. But he comes back."

As soon as he closed the door Gwen said, "Why was he in such a hurry to tell us that his dog runs away all the time?"

"Because he does," said Jill. "He's that huge German shepherd."

"I think that man's hiding something," said Gwen.

It went on that way all day. Every place they went Gwen found something that seemed not quite right. The one thing Gwen could not find was Fletcher.

Late in the afternoon they came to a big house that belonged to Fiedler Fernbach. Mr. Fernbach was the most famous person in the neighborhood. He made television commercials.

Mr. Fernbach himself opened the door. "Hi, there," he said. "What can I do for you nice little girls?"

"My name is Jill and this is Gwen," said Jill. "My dog is lost and we're asking everybody if they've seen him."

"NOPE!" said Mr. Fernbach. "Never saw him in my life!" He started to close the door.

"But Mr. Fernbach," said Gwen, sticking her foot in the door, "you don't even know what he looks like."

"Well — er — heh — heh — ," said Mr. Fernbach, turning pink.

"Here's a picture," said Jill.

"Oh," said Mr. Fernbach, hardly looking at the picture. "Just as I thought. I haven't seen him."

He shut the door with a bang!

"Now this time I'm sure," said Gwen. "I bet he's stolen Fletcher. Fernbach said he'd never seen Fletcher *before* he looked at our picture."

"So?" said Jill.

"How could he say he'd never seen Fletcher if he didn't know what Fletcher looked like?"

Jill stared at Gwen. "You know," she said, "you really *have* something!"

FIEDLER F. FERNBACH

"See!" said Gwen. "SOMETHING STRANGE IS GOING ON!"

"Fernbach could only know what Fletcher looks like if he *has* Fletcher," said Jill. "But what would Fernbach want Fletcher for?"

"That's what we've got to find out," said Gwen. She played with her braces. "We need your mother's help."

Gwen and Jill told Jill's mother everything.

"Let me get this straight," said Jill's mother.

"Fernbach said he had never seen Fletcher before he even looked at the drawing, and Fernbach slammed the door on you?"

Gwen and Jill nodded their heads.

"Now you want me to skip work tomorrow and follow Fernbach?" asked Jill's mother.

"We want to go with you," said Jill.

"Well," said Jill's mother, "I don't know what I'll tell my boss, and I'll look silly if Fernbach catches me — but I'll do it."

The next morning they got up very early. They drove to Fernbach's house and sat where they were hidden by a big tree. Suddenly Fernbach's garage door went up. Jill's mother started her car as quietly as she could. She followed Fernbach until he stopped in front of a big building — his television studio.

"Come on," said Jill's mother. "We're going to get to the bottom of this."

Inside, a woman at the desk asked, "Can I help you?"

"These are the children for the soap commercial," said Jill's mother with a big smile.

"Go right in," said the woman pointing to a big door marked PRIVATE.

Just then they saw Fernbach go through a door at the end of the hall.

"Let's go," whispered Gwen. "It's now or NEVER!"

Gwen opened the door. It was a big room, full of movie equipment and bright lights. In the middle, with a big can of dog food by his side, lay Fletcher.

"HOW DARE YOU COME IN IN THE MIDDLE OF SHOOTING!" shouted Fernbach.

Jill ran to Fletcher, who got up and wagged his tail.

"That's the first time I've seen that dog move!" said a man with a camera.

"YOU STOLE JILL'S DOG!" yelled Gwen, pointing at Fernbach.

Fernbach got red in the face. "I just borrowed him."

"You can't borrow a dog without asking," said Jill.

FLETCHER!

"I saw him on the street," Fernbach stuttered. "He got up and followed me, and I didn't know whose dog he was."

"Mr. Fernbach," said Jill's mother, "I don't think you're telling the truth. Fletcher never follows anyone. You took Fletcher, and I want to know why."

"I'll tell you why," said the man with the camera. "Your dog is a natural for TV. I've never seen a dog lie so still. Besides he's got a nice smile. Fernbach would have had to pay you a lot of money to use your dog. That's why he took him. Boy, oh, boy — stingy Fernbach."

Fiedler Fernbach looked as if he wanted to cry. "Please don't call the police," Fernbach whined. "I'll pay you the money. Your dog is really perfect for this commercial. He'll be famous."

Gwen and Jill and her mother went into a corner.

"I don't know whether we can prove that Fletcher didn't follow him," said Jill's mother. "I'm not sure the police can do anything."

"Maybe you should let Fernbach do the commercial and make him pay you," said Gwen.

"I really don't want to see Fernbach cry," said Jill.

"Well, do we agree?" asked Jill's mother. "We'll let him do the commercial."

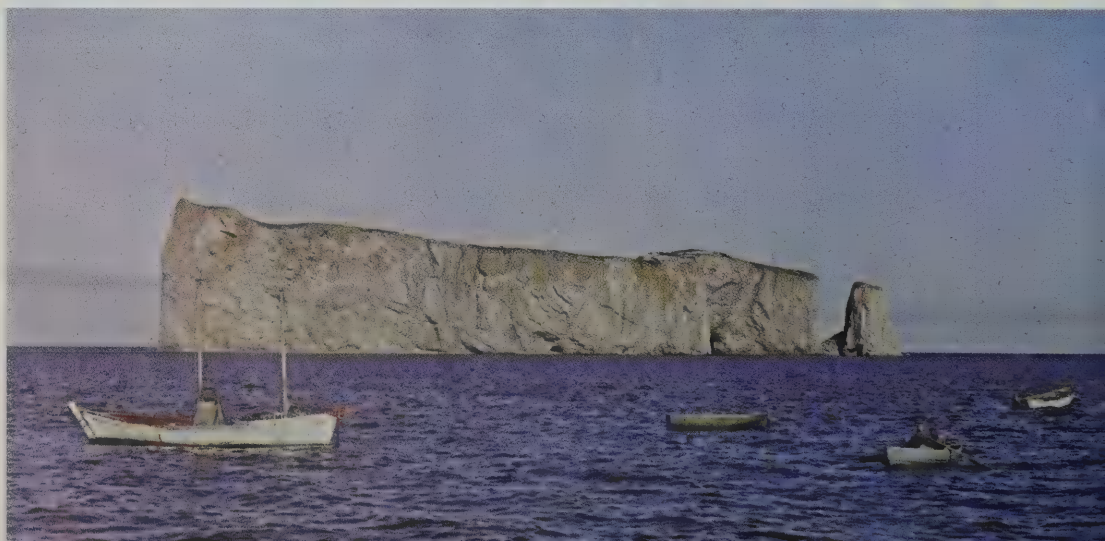
"And TAKE THE MONEY!" said Gwen.

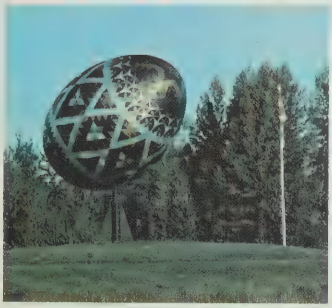
Jill's mother told Fernbach that they had decided not to call the police.

"Oh, thank you! THANK YOU! I know you'll love the way he looks in the commercial!" said Fernbach, trembling with relief.

The day the commercial was on TV, Jill and her mother took part of the money Fletcher had earned and gave a big party. All through the party, Fletcher lay on the front steps smiling. Except when the commercial was on — at that moment Fletcher was asleep.

Landmarks of Canada





How We Helped Our Mom and Dad Build a Log Cabin

by Amy Siamon (with some help from Kate!)

Building a log cabin isn't very hard, and it isn't very easy either. Mostly it takes a long time. It took us three years to build ours, and it still isn't really finished.

The first summer we got our red canoe. Then we went to the island where we had our land and set up camp. I'll never forget landing on the island for the first time. Dad had gone first and cleared a lot of brush so there would be room to pitch our tents, but the ground was still rocky and full of sticks and roots. Gradually, our clearing got bigger, and we dug a fire pit for cooking.

My mom and dad got a permit to cut down a hundred trees. The best kind of trees are cedar, spruce, or jackpine. We picked out our trees in a place almost 16 kilometres from the island. Dad marked each one with his axe so we could find them again.

Dad had bought a brand-new chain saw at Paul's Second-Hand Store. This is a really neat store that sells everything from canoes to comic books. We needed the chain saw to cut down the trees, and, as it turned out, for lots of other things too.

Dad would make two cuts in the tree in a V-shape, and my mom and sister and I would shout "TIMBER" when we saw it start to lean. We peeled the trees right where they landed.

We used a special two-handled knife called a drawknife to take off a long strip of bark right down the middle of the log. Then we used hatchets and knives to peel back the bark on each side. Just like peeling an orange.

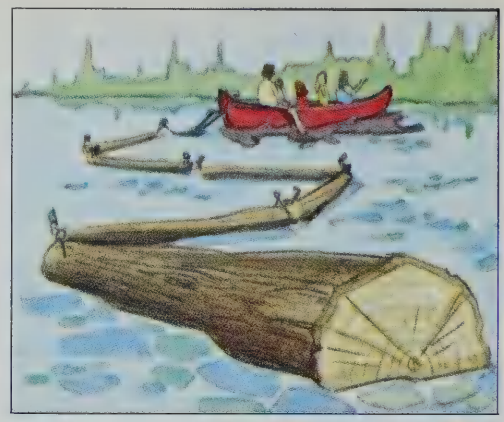
There sure were a lot of bugs in that jackpine forest. One time my father cut down a tree, and it landed right on a hornet's nest! The hornets were so mad that they chased him down the road and stung him on his face and hands. His hands puffed out just like two balloons, and he had to stop working in the bush for a few days. That gave the rest of us time to catch up on our peeling.

At the end of the first summer, we stacked all our logs at the fishing camp on the mainland so they could dry out over the winter. They made a big pile, and the logs looked really neat, all golden and shiny.

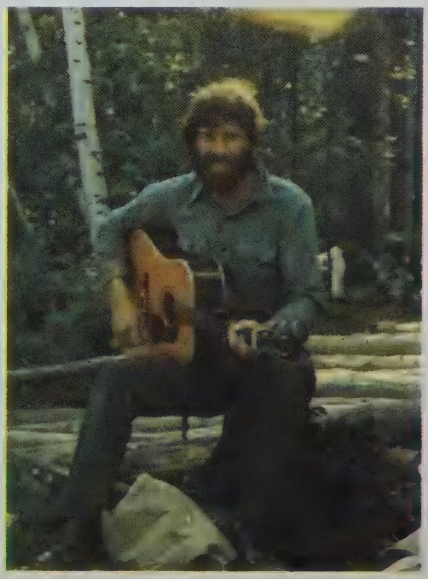
The next summer, Kate and I were a year older, and so were our logs. When we came back to the fishing camp, our beautiful shiny trees had turned dark and blotchy, with big cracks in them. Besides being a lot uglier, the logs were a lot lighter. The year before, my mom and dad together couldn't lift one. Now Mom and I could carry a small one ourselves. My parents were happy because it meant the logs were seasoned and ready for building.

There were more than 120 logs, all different lengths and thicknesses. Now our problem was, how to get them across a kilometre of water.

Some of our friends had come up from the city to help us, and together we figured out how to get the logs across. Here's how we did it. We drove a nail into the end of each log and tied them together into a long chain. Then we towed the chain from the mainland over to the island behind our boat.



When the logs were over at our campsite, we lined them all up like a giant-sized xylophone or a big log road. They even had different notes if you bonged them with a hammer.

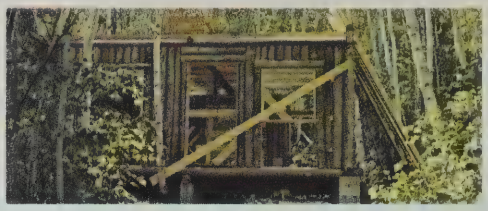


At the top of the log road we made another clearing in the bush. This is where our cabin would stand. Kate and I and everyone worked hard, tearing up bushes and birch saplings, and moving rocks that were in the way.

We picked the five longest and thickest logs for the foundation. When they were all laid down and notched together at the corners, they looked as if they wanted a cabin on top of them.

The next job was making the floor. Kate and I brought tools and nails to my parents. We learned all the different sizes of nails. So when someone wanted a saw or a certain nail, we knew which box to look in.

Building the cabin itself, once the floor was done, looked like building a big box. First we put up the four biggest and toughest logs for corner posts. Then we took four more long logs, called "top plates," and notched them so they fitted together and made a square on top of the corner posts. Then all we had to do was fill in the box with posts to make the walls. They have to fit together without too big a crack. Our wall logs were "nice and tight" (as people said) because my dad laid them together and ran the chain saw between them to get a perfect fit.

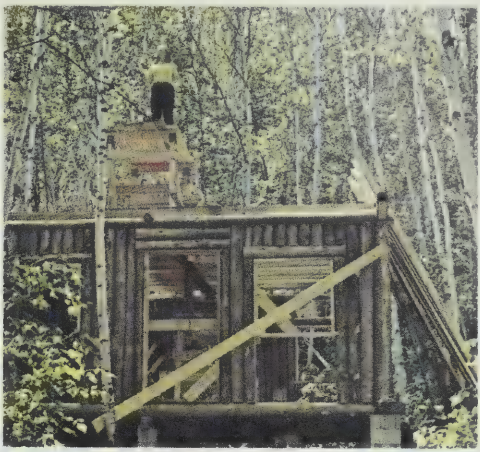


Besides washing dishes, Kate and I got to be pretty good campfire cooks. We could make fried eggs and toast, grilled cheese sandwiches, soup, beans and weiners, and chocolate pudding. Everything tastes really good when it's cooked over an open fire. On my dad's birthday, my mom even made him a frying-pan birthday cake!

There were only ten days left in the summer holidays by the time the walls were finished and we were ready to put the roof on. That meant we really had to rush, because we couldn't go away and leave our cabin for the winter with no roof!

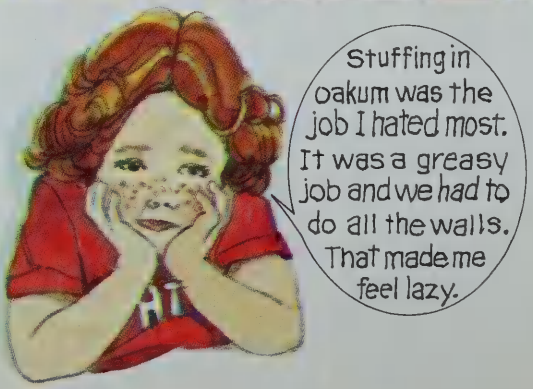
Putting up the roof was almost the hardest part of the whole cabin. You have to put up the ridge pole with supports, first. Then you cut all the rafters exactly the same, with a special notch where they fit over the walls. Then my mom and dad had to hold the ridge board and the rafters at the same time and nail them together. All this time, they were standing way up high on a scaffold on top of the cabin. When they had finished nailing on the roofing boards, the only way they could get off the roof was to slide down a tree, like firefighters coming down a pole.

When the end of August came, we were really sorry to have to leave the cabin, all sealed up with plastic. It looked sad and alone.



But the third summer when we came back to the island, everything was waiting for us, exactly the same. There weren't even any holes in the plastic. A little deer mouse had got in through one of the cracks and made a nice cosy nest out of chewed-up foam rubber from my mattress. There were five baby mice inside. She had the whole cabin to herself all winter — so at least it wasn't empty.

This year Kate and I were pretty busy. We could really help with finishing up the cabin and making it bug-proof. Our cabin needed windows and doors and the ends of the roof filled in. Most important, we had to seal up all the cracks between the logs. And this is where we learned about stuffing oakum. Oakum is thick oil stuff like rope. It isn't strong like rope, though; you can pull it apart with your hands. To fill up the cracks in a cabin, you pull off small pieces and stuff them into the cracks with a screwdriver.



Finally, my dad made stairs out of two logs. He cut notches in the logs with his chain saw, and nailed boards across. This makes a strong, steady staircase. We sleep upstairs under the slanty roof. We have our cookstove in and are putting up the stove pipe. It will help keep our cabin warm during the winter.

I enjoyed building a log cabin with my family.

Kate's Poem

When I opened my eyes this morning,
The day belonged to me.
The sky was mine and the sun,
And my feet got up dancing.
The marmalade was mine and the squares of sidewalk
And all the birds in the trees.
So I stood and I considered
Stopping the world right there,
Making today go on and on forever.
But I decided not to.
I let the world spin on and I went to school.
I almost did it, but then, I said to myself,
"Who knows what you might be missing tomorrow?"

Jean Little

Making Harpoons

Hi!

My name is Pauloosie Atagootak, and I would like to tell you how we made harpoons for our grade 5 class here in Pond Inlet.

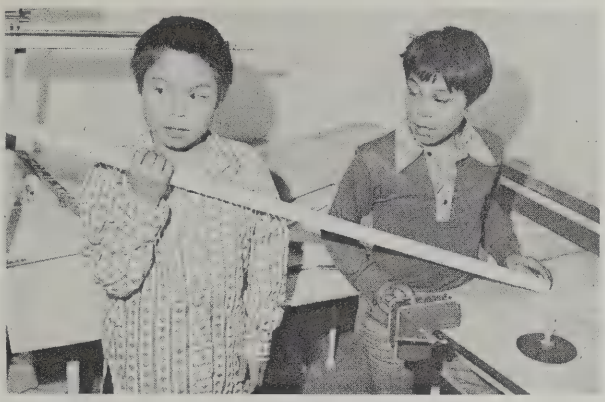
ᐊᑎᕐᑲᖅᑐᖅᒐ ᐸᐅᓗᓯ ᐊᑕᒍᑦᑕᖅ,
ᐊᒻᒪᓗ ᐅᕐᑲᐅᑎᔪᒪᔭᒋᑦ ᕐᑲᓄᖅ ᓴᓇᓚᐅᕐᒪᖅᒐᒡᑕ
ᑲᑭᕙᖅᓂᒃ ᐃᓕᓐᓂᐊᖅᑐᓄᑦ ᑯᓇᑦ 5ᕐᑲᖅᑐᓄᑦ,
ᐅᕙᓂ ᒥᑦᑎᒪᑕᓕᖅᒥ.

We got old hockey sticks from the Yellowknife Public School. First, we sanded them. Here I am showing hiemikie how to do it.

ᓯᕗᓐᓕᖅᐸᒥᒃ ᑎᑭᓯᓐᓗᑕ ᓴᑭᒃᑐᓂ ᕿᓱᖅᓂᒃ
ᐊᑐᖅᑕᐅᕝᒃᑐᓂᒃ ᑦᔭᓗᓃᑦ ᐃᓕᓐᓂᐊᖅᓱᖅᒐᓂᑦ
ᓯᕗᓐᓕᖅᐸᖅ, ᒪᓂᒃᓴᖅᓗᒋᑦ. ᐅᕝᕙ ᐊᑦᓱᒐ ᐊᓱᕿᖅᑐᐃᑎᓐᓗᖅᒐ
ᓃᒥᑭᒥᒃ ᖃᓄᖅ ᐱᔭᐅᕝᖅᒪᖅᒐᑦ.

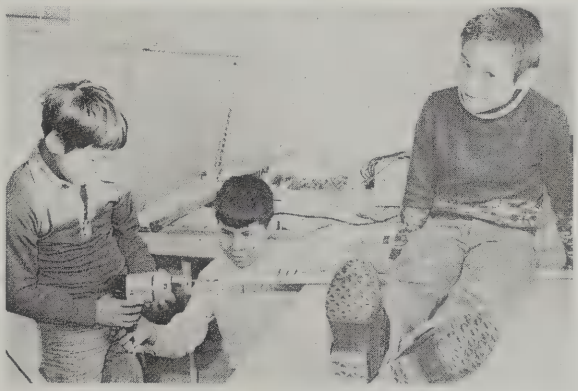
Levi files a notch in the end of the hockey stick. The notch holds the wire. The wire will make the end strong. I'm not in this picture.

ᓕᓱᓐ ᐳᑐᓕᐅᖅᓗᓂ ᑕᑦᓯᒪ ᕿᓱᑦ
ᐊᑖᓂ. ᑕᒪᓇ ᐳᑐ ᐊᑕᑦᓱᑎᒋᔭᖅᒐ ᑕᑦᓱᒪ
ᓴᓱᒐᐅᔭᑦ. ᑕᒪᓇ ᓴᓱᒐᐅᔭᖅ
ᓴᖅᒋᑦᓱᑕᐅᓂᐊᕐᑐᖅ ᑕᑦᓱᒪ ᐊᑎᖅᒐᓄᑦ.
ᐅᕝᓂ ᐊᑦᔨᒥ ᐱᑕᖃᖅᒋᑦᑐᖅᒐ.



Here I am helping Levi. I'm showing him where to cut places to grab the harpoon. I'm awake, but Levi looks like he's asleep. But he's not.

ᐅᓐᓚ ᐅᓚᖓ ᐃᑲᔪᕐᑐᖅ ᓕᕕᒋᒃ. ᐊᔪᕐᑭᖅᑐᖅᑕᕐ ᓇᐅᒃᑯᐊᖓᒍᑦ ᐳᑐᓕᐅᕐᓴᕐᒪᖓᑦ ᑎᒍᓐᕕᒃᓴᖓᓂᒃ ᑕᑦᑯᒪ ᑲᑭᓚᐅᑦ. ᑐᐸᒃᓯᒪᔪᖓ, ᑭᓯᐊᓂ ᓕᕕᒋᓂᒃᑐᓴᖅᑐᖅ, ᑭᓯᐊᓂ ᓯᓂᖕᒋᑦᑐᖅ.



Steel goes in the end of the wood. Levi is drilling the hole for the steel. Amos makes sure it's straight. I'm helping them by holding the wood down still.

ᓴᕕᒃ ᑕᑦᓱᒪ ᒋᑭᔪᑦ ᐊᑕᓄᑦ ᐃᓕᓗᒍ ᓕᕕᒃ ᐳᑐᓕᐅᒋᑐᖅ ᑕᑦᑯᒧᖓ ᓴᕕᖓᒍᑦ. ᐊᒪᓯ ᓇᐅᑦᓯᕐᑐᖅᑐᖅ ᓴᖓᒍᖓᕐᑯᖕᒋᓴᓗᒍ. ᐃᑲᔪᖅᑕᒃᑲ ᑎᒍᑦᒥᑦᓗᖓ ᑕᑦᑯᒥᖓ ᕐᑭᔪᖕᒥᒃ.

We got steel from an old skidoo track. Koonerk and Malaca are cutting it out with a banana knife. I'm telling Koonerk he's not cutting bananas now.

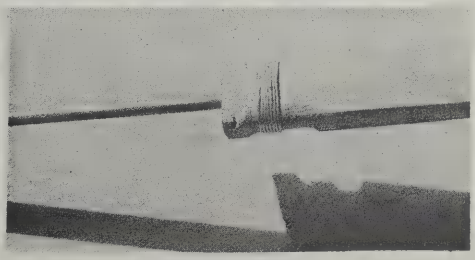
ᓴᓇᕐᒥᒃ ᐱᓚᐅᖅᑐᒍᑦ ᓯᑭᑐ ᓄᑕᐅᕐᒥᑦᑐᑉ ᐃᓚᒃᒐᓂᑦ. ᑯᓐᓂᖅ ᐊᒻᒪ ᓗ ᒪᓚᑭ ᓱᕋᑯᑉᑎᖅᑕᕐᒐ ᐱᓚᐅᒻᒧᑦ ᐸᓇᓇᓴᓄᑦ ᐊᑐᖅᑕᐅᐹᒃᑐᒧᑦ. ᐅᖃᐅᑎᔭᕋ ᑯᓐᓂᖅ ᒪᓐᓇ ᓱᕋᑯᑉᑎᓇᕐᒥᒻᒪᑦ ᐸᓇᓇᓂᒃ.

Chris is hammering the steel rod into the wood. We are helping to hold it steady.

ᑯᓇᓴ ᑲᐅᑕᐅᔭᖅᑐᖅ ᑕᑉᑯᒥᕐᒐ ᓴᓇᕐᒥᒃ ᐅᐸᕐᒐ ᕿᑭᕐᒧᑦ. ᐃᑲᐸᖅᑐᒍᑦ ᑎᒍᒻᒥᑉᓗᑕ ᐅᐊᓗᐊᕐᓂᐊᕐᒥᒻᒪᑦ.

Levi is holding one end of the wire and Leigh Brintnell is making the wire go around and round tight. They are pulling hard. I'm holding the chair down and telling Leigh to pull hard.

ᓕᕕᐧ ᑎᒍᒻᒥᔪᖅ ᑕᐸᑯᒥᖅᑲ ᓴᕕᒐᐅᔭᒥᒃ ᐊᑕᒍᑦ ᐊᒻᒪᓗ ᓕ
ᐳᓇᓐᑦᓂᐅ ᑕᐸᑯᒥᖅᑲ ᓴᕕᒐᐅᔭᒥᒃ ᑲᐃᕕᑎᑦᕈᔪᖅ ᑕᐸᑯᒧᖅᑲ ᖁᔪᖅᒧᑦ
ᓱᑲᑦᑯᓂᐅᒃ. ᓄᑦᑯᒃᑐᑦ ᐊᒃᑯᕈᖅᑯᑎᒃ. ᑎᒍᒻᒥᔪᖅᑲ ᐃᒃᓯᐸᐅᑕᖅᒧᑦ
ᐊᒻᒪᓗ ᓕ ᐅᖅᑲᐅᑎᔭᖅ ᐊᒃᑯᕈᖅᑯᐸᓗᒍ.



When the wire job is finished, it looks like this. Now it's strong.

ᐱᐊᓂᖅᒪᑦ ᑕᒻᓇ ᐱᓕᓇᓚᐅᖅᑕᕗᑦ ᓴᕕᒐᐅᔭᖅᑲ ᐃᒪᓐᓃᓚᐅᖅᐳᖅ.
ᒪᓐᓇᓕ ᐱᒃᒍᓕᖅᑐᖅ.

Andrew didn't put wire on his. Instead, he used a piece of pipe.

ᐊᓐᑎ ᐃᓕᓯᖅᒋᑦᑐᖅᓕ ᓴᕕᒐᐅᔭᒥᒃ ᐱᒥᓄᑦ. ᑭᓯᐊᓂᓕ, ᐊᑐᖅᑐᖅ ᐃᓚᖅᒐᓂᒃ ᓱᑦᓗᓕᐅᑦ.

We made a grinder and now Chris is grinding the steel to a point. I'm teaching him how to do it. It's not hard.

ᓴᓇᑦᓗᑕ ᓯᖁᑦᑎᕈᒻᒥᒃ ᐊᒻᒪᓗ ᑯᓇᓴ ᓯᖁᑦᑎᓇᓕᖅᓗᓂ ᓴᕕᖅᒥᒃ ᓄᔾᖅᒐᓄᑦ. ᐊᔪᖁᑭᖅᑐᖅᑕᖁ ᖃᓄᖅ ᐱᔭᐅᕙᖅᒪᖅᒐᑦ. ᐊᔪᖁᓇᖅᒋᑦᑐᖅ.

I'm starting to make my point. We call it a "suqquq." We make these from aluminum which comes from under a skidoo.

ᓴᓇᕝᕕᓕᐊᓕᖅᑕᕐᓕ ᓄᐳᓕᐊᕐ. ᐊᑎᖃᖅᑎᑕᐳᑦ "ᓱᕐᑯᖅ".
ᑕᒃᑯᐊ ᓴᓇᕝᒃᑕᐳᑦ ᓴᕕᖕᒥᑦ ᐱᔭᑦᑎᖕᓂᑦ ᓯᑭᑐᑦ ᐊᑎᖕᒋᓐᓂᑦ.

Here's Chris sawing the aluminum to make a suqquq.

ᐅᕝᕙ ᑯᓇᓴ ᐅᓗᐊᖅᓯᔪᖅ
ᑕᑦᓱᒥᖕᒐ ᓴᕕᖕᒥᒃ ᓱᒃᑯᓕᐅᕐᓂᐊᕐᒥ.

Chris and I are filing the suggug to make it smooth.

ᑯᓇᒃᓗ ᒪᓂᒃᓴᖅᑕᕗᒃ ᑕᒻᓇ ᓱᒃᑯᖅ ᒪᓂᒃᓯᓂᐊᖅᒪᑦ.

Sam Angnetsiak is our Inuttitut teacher. He's showing us how to put the rope on the suggug.

It's a strong plastic rope so we won't lose our seals.

ᓴᒥ ᐊᖅᓇᑦᓯᐊᖅ ᐃᓕᓐᓂᐊᖅᑎᕗᑦ ᐃᓄᐃᑦ ᐱᖁᓯᖅᒥᓐᓂᒃ. ᐊᔪᑉᑭᖅᑐᖅᑕᑎᒍᑦ ᖃᓄᖅ ᐊᒃᓗᓇᖅ ᐃᓕᓇᔭᖅᒪᒃᑲᑦᑎᒍ ᓱᒃᑯᖅᒧᑦ. ᑕᒻᓇ ᐊᒃᓗᓇᖅ ᐱᒃᒍᔪᖅ ᓇᑦᑎᕈᑉᑕ ᑕᒻᒪᐃᓂᐊᒃᒥᓐᓇᑉᑎᒍ.

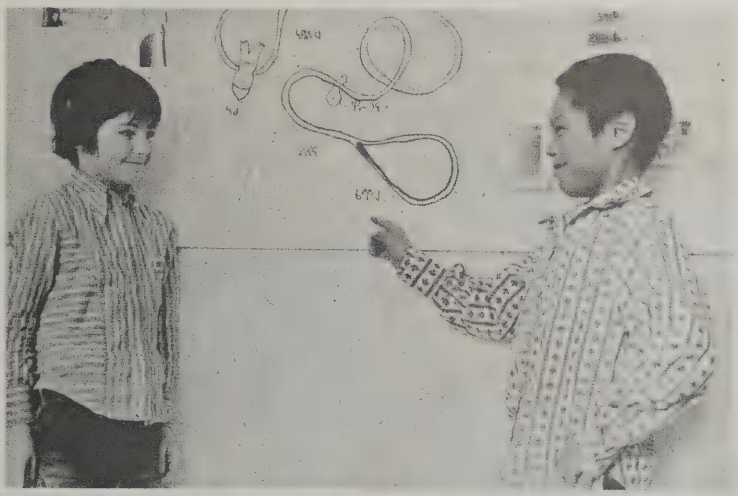
Here's little me again — teaching my pal Chris the special Inuttitut names for the line and point.

That's my story, and that's all I have to say for now.

Your friend,

Pauloosie Atagootak

P.S. I'll let you know later about how many seals I get with my new harpoon!



ᐅᑉᕙ ᐅᕙᖅᑲᑯᓗᓕᕐᒥᔪᖅ — ᐊᔪᕐᑭᖅᑐᐃᔪᖅ ᐃᓚᒻᓂᒃ ᑯᓇᓴᒥᒃ ᑕᒃᑯᐊ ᐃᓄᒃᑎᑐᑦ ᐊᑎᖅᒋᓐᓂᒃ.

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ᐃᓚᐃᑦ,

ᐸᐅᓗᓯ ᐊᑕᒍᑦᑕᖅ

ᐅᕐᑲᐅᑎᔪᒻᖅᐸᑉᓯ ᕐᑲᑯᒍᑐᐃᓐᓇᐅᓕᖅᐸᑦ ᕐᑲᑉᕈᓂᒃ ᓇᑦᑎᓚᐅᕐᒪᖅᑲᕐᒪ ᑕᑉᑯᒧᖅᑲ ᓴᓇᓚᐅᖅᑕᒻᓄᑦ.

In the city...

My friend asked me, "What is it like in the city?"

I said, "It is noisy in the city. The cars hum and make big loud noises. The people talk and sing, whistle and yell and scream!"

My friend said, "Do you like it in the city?"

I said, "It's okay, I guess. Sometimes it's too noisy."

Lulu Gagnon, Grade Two

I hear cars humming.

people chattering.

I hear all kinds of noise in the city.

people mowing their lawns.

children yelling on our street.

birds chirping.

I make lots of noise too.

Karen Sorenson, Grade Two

Pioneer Village

Suppose you had been born over a hundred years ago. What do you think it would have been like growing up then? It's hard for us to imagine!

"Pioneer villages" have been set up in many places to show us how people lived in our country long ago.

Black Creek Pioneer Village is in southern Ontario. These pictures show us what it is like. Visitors can see people living and working exactly as the people did who lived here long ago.

There were no bake shops in those days. Women made bread dough, kneaded it, shaped it into loaves . . .

and baked the loaves — perhaps in an outdoor oven. They churned the cream to make butter too.

Flour for the bread was made from grain the pioneers grew. The grain was taken to the mill where it was ground by millstones. In this picture the millstones are inside the round wooden case.

The first pioneers had no lamps, so they used candles. To make candles, a wick was dipped many times into hot, melted wax. The wax-covered wick was then hung up to cool and harden.

The schoolhouse looked like this. Pupils in all the grades studied in the same one room and had the same teacher.

People used brooms to sweep their houses and buildings clean. The brooms were made from lengths of straw.

Pioneers raised sheep for their wool. Every spring they cut off the sheep's heavy wool coat. This is called "shearing" the sheep.

The wool was spun into yarn and then woven into cloth.

People walked, or travelled by horse and buggy.

The blacksmith was kept busy putting iron shoes on the horses.

The pictures in this essay show what life was like long ago in one Canadian village. Perhaps there is a pioneer village near your home that you can visit.

The Reed Whistle

by Penelope Horton

Once there was a boy who loved to play tunes on the reed whistle his grandfather had made for him. He carried the reed whistle with him wherever he went, and he piped strange tunes that sounded like the frogs in the river or the rain birds' cries.

One sunny morning, his grandfather called him and said, "Samu, if I tell you a secret, will you promise to keep it?"

"Yes, of course, Grandfather," said Samu.

"How do you keep a secret?" asked his grandfather. "Do you tell your best friend?"

"No, never," said Samu.

"Do you grow angry and tell your worst friend?"

"No, never," said Samu.

"Do you tell your mother or your father or your brothers or your sisters?"

"No," said Samu. "You tell no one."

The grandfather put his hand on the boy's head and looked steadily into his eyes. "In times of trouble, keeping a secret may mean you save the life of a friend, so it is well to learn how to keep secrets when you are young."

"I promise to keep your secret, if you will trust me with it, Grandfather," said the boy eagerly.

The grandfather smiled, "This is not a secret that means life or death, Samu, but it is a good one to practise on." He bent his head close to his grandson's face and whispered in his ear. "I have

buried two valuable ivory tusks in a certain place that I shall tell you about. If you tell no one, you will be able to go and get the treasure, but if you tell anyone at all, when you arrive, the tusks will be gone."

"I understand, Grandfather," said Samu.

"Come closer," said the grandfather, and then he told Samu how to find the ivory tusks.

Samu went away bursting with pride because his grandfather had trusted him with a secret. He saw his best friend, Kuraba, playing with clay oxen in the shade of a Msasa tree, but he didn't stop.

It was Mylos who stopped Samu — Mylos, the big bully who loved to tease the younger boys.

"You look as if you know something," said Mylos, putting his big hand on Samu's thin chest where you could count the ribs.

"I know lots of things," said Samu.

"Tell me your secret," said Mylos.

"What secret?"

"I saw your grandfather whispering to you, and he knows many secrets."

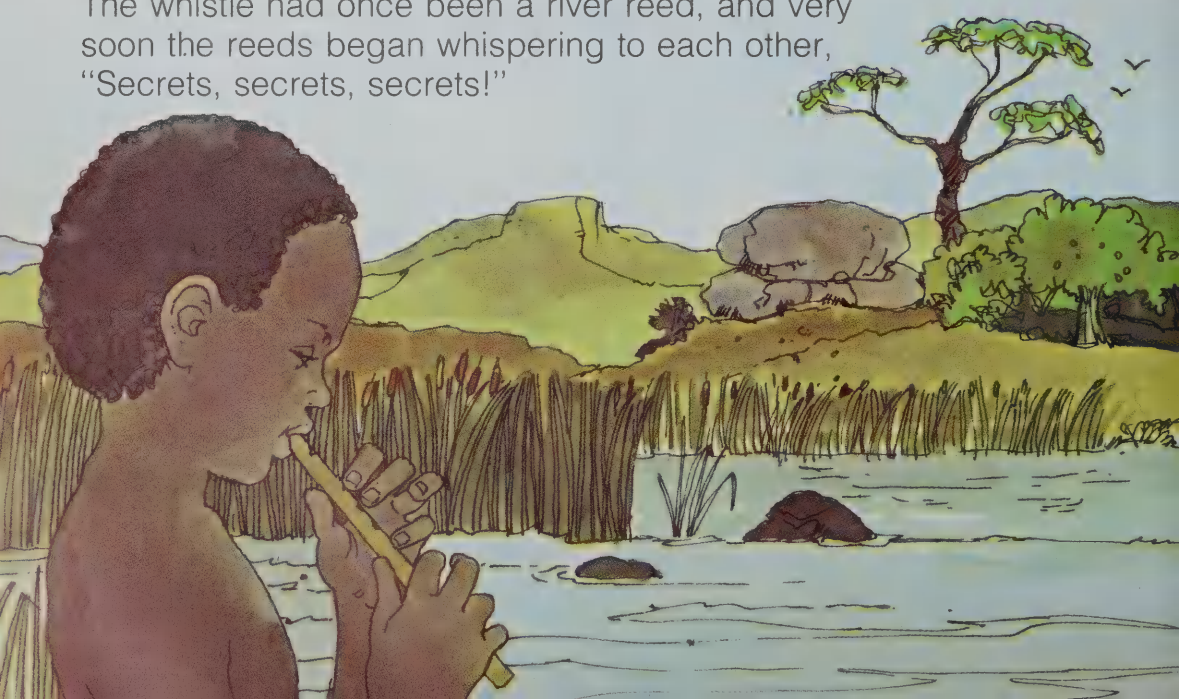
"Let me go by," said Samu, ducking under Mylos's arm, and he did not tell.

Mylos let Samu go, but he followed at a distance, keeping behind bushes, and making sure that Samu did not know he was being followed.

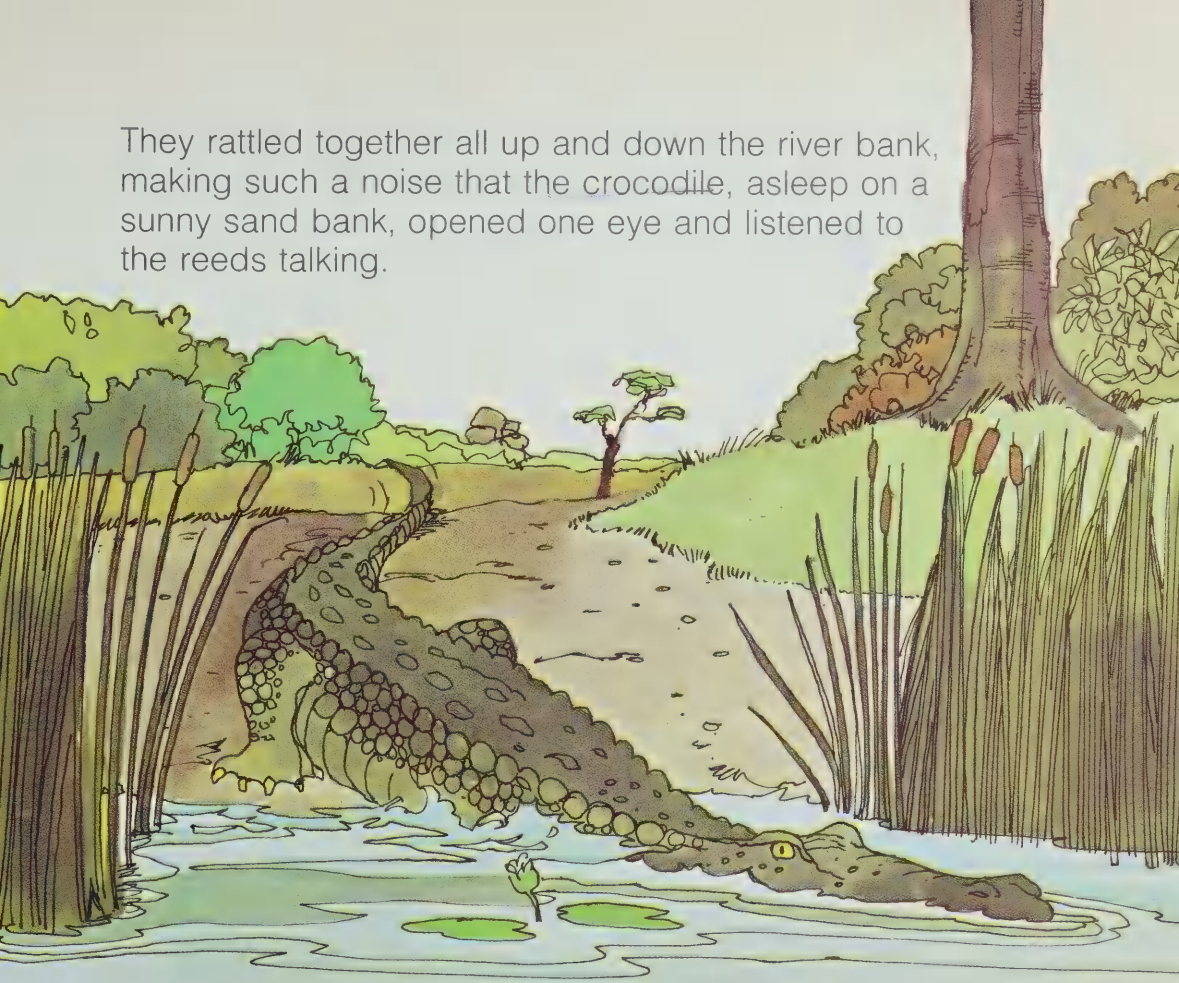
Samu wandered to the Fula River and sat down on a warm rock, with his thin brown legs dangling over the clear water. For a time he sat and did nothing but watch the water ripple over shining stones. Then he took out his reed whistle and began to play his thoughts.

First he told the whistle how lovely the Fula River was and how happy he was that his grandfather trusted him enough to tell him an important secret. He did not say these things in words, but played them on his reed whistle. And the river reeds listened.

The whistle had once been a river reed, and very soon the reeds began whispering to each other, "Secrets, secrets, secrets!"



They rattled together all up and down the river bank, making such a noise that the crocodile, asleep on a sunny sand bank, opened one eye and listened to the reeds talking.



"A secret!" said the crocodile, slipping off the bank into the water. "I must tell my friends about Samu's secret."

The crocodile told the white tick-bird that landed on the grass near the water's edge, and the tick-bird told a dove. The dove told the other doves, and they told a kudu who was grazing nearby; the kudu told a baboon, and the baboons told everyone.

The biggest baboon, who had silky fur and a disdainful expression, decided to find the treasure himself, so he led his troop of baboons to find the ivory tusks. Mylos, who was still following Samu, now followed the baboons instead.

When Samu came for his ivory tusks, he found only a hole in the ground where the ivory had been.

"But I told no one!" cried Samu, kicking the sand in the hole with his bare feet.

His grandfather stood silently behind him, frowning and sad.

"Did you think about it?" asked his grandfather. "Did you think the secret out loud?"

"No," said the boy. "I only thought about it on my reed whistle. I played a tune about the secret to show how proud I was that you had trusted me."

"The river reeds heard you," said his grandfather. "They heard your tune and understood your secret. How do you keep a secret, Samu?"

The boy looked into his grandfather's eyes. "Tell me, Grandfather," he said.

"You pretend you never heard it," the grandfather said. "You don't even look as if you had a secret, or someone will try to pry it from you. You don't think about it, or someone will read your thoughts. You pretend you never heard it; it's the only way."

The grandfather put his hand on Samu's shoulder.

"Do not be discouraged, Samu," he said. "What you have learned is worth more than ivory tusks after all."

The boy felt comforted and went away, happily playing tunes on his reed whistle.

The grandfather looked after him — and thought of the ivory tusks that he had dug up and hidden in a new place as soon as he heard the river reeds begin to rattle on the river bank.

"When Samu is a little older," he said, "I will let him try again."

The Runaway Snowblower

by Claribel Gesner

Thwack! The snowball hit the girl right between the shoulder blades and sprayed snow across the back of her red jacket. Janet Murray straightened up quickly, her eyes flashing. But she grinned when she saw the two girls laughing at her from the sidewalk, and stuck her snow shovel in the bank.

Franca Macri and Julia Kostyk were Janet's best friends, and the three of them usually spent Saturday afternoons together just having a good time.

But today, Janet still had work to do. Instead of getting up when her mother called her, she had rolled over for another nap. Now it was one o'clock, and she was only half finished shovelling the snow in the driveway. Her father had warned her to finish it before she went off with her friends.

"Coming to the show?" called Franca.

Janet pointed at the snow drift in front of the garage doors, and called back, "I don't know if I can make it. I've got to do the walks, and there's all this to finish. Maybe, if I hurry . . . "

"Too bad," said Franca. "But it looks to me like you've got hours of work yet. Anyway, if you finish in time, come on down. We'll be there. Bye!" And the two girls went off down the street without Janet.

Janet made a snowball and threw it after her friends, then ducked, as they threw some back. When the rain of snowballs stopped, she went back to work. She did wish she could go to the show but she knew that Franca was right. She wouldn't finish for hours!

As she went back to her shovelling, Janet thought about the snowblower standing in the corner of the garage. She had been thinking about that shiny red snowblower off and on ever since she'd started to shovel.

It belonged on her grandfather's farm and had been sent into town to get fixed. Tomorrow, Janet and her father were going to return it. But now it just stood there in the garage, doing nothing.

"I could do the walks in no time with that," thought Janet, "and then it wouldn't take long to finish the driveway."

But her father had been very firm that morning. "Don't touch that blower, Janet," he'd said. "It can be very dangerous unless you know how to run it. And it's far too powerful for you to manage."

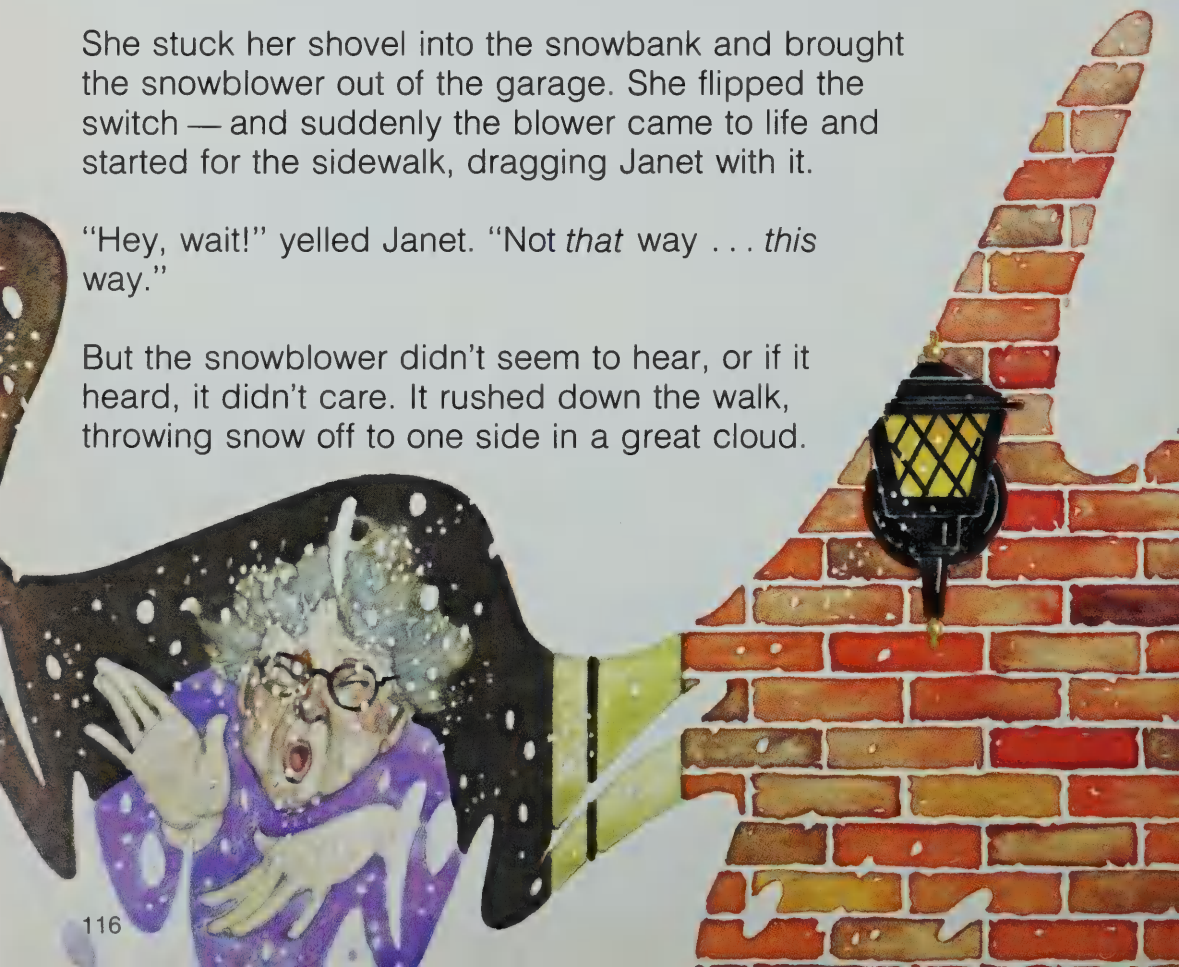
Janet sighed, and pushed her shovel into the snow; then slowly she lifted it. It was surprising how much heavier it felt now than when she had started. She went into the garage and looked at the snowblower, and it seemed to wink at her.

"I used the power mower all summer," Janet thought, "and nothing ever happened. The snowblower can't be any harder to run. It won't hurt to use it just this once if I'm careful. Shovelling's so slow."

She stuck her shovel into the snowbank and brought the snowblower out of the garage. She flipped the switch — and suddenly the blower came to life and started for the sidewalk, dragging Janet with it.

"Hey, wait!" yelled Janet. "Not *that* way . . . *this* way."

But the snowblower didn't seem to hear, or if it heard, it didn't care. It rushed down the walk, throwing snow off to one side in a great cloud.



It roared across the street and went up Mrs. Maloney's lawn just as she opened her front door. Snow gushed from the snowblower through the open door and down Mrs. Maloney's front hall.

"What . . . ," started Mrs. Maloney, but whatever she was going to say was cut off by the stream of snow that struck her as Janet and the snowblower whizzed past.

Across Mrs. Maloney's lawn they went, into Mrs. Fine's backyard, and under the clothesline where she was hanging out the wash.

"Help!" yelled Janet, plunging past the clothes prop and knocking it down. As the clothes prop fell, so did the line of clothes.

"Stop!" screamed Mrs. Fine. Then her voice was muffled by the sheet that dropped over her head.

But Janet couldn't stop! Wearing a scarf of red leotards, dragged from Mrs. Fine's clothesline, she sped out of the yard. The snowblower chewed its way through the banks that lined the Fine's driveway, throwing snow back onto the walk that Mr. Fine had shovelled that morning.

On to the sidewalk went Janet and the snowblower, taking the corner of the Fine's fence with them, just in time to meet the letter carrier.

"Look out," shouted Janet . . . but too late!

Janet's shoulder bumped the letter carrier and knocked her off balance. Her mail bag flew in one direction and her feet in another as Janet sped on.

The snowblower took to the street again, and Janet's heart thumped as she saw an automobile coming toward her, horn blasting madly.

Just as Janet was sure they would crash head on, the car swerved to one side and buried its nose in the snowbank. The snowblower went around the corner with Janet desperately clutching its handle.

"Stop!" called the traffic officer at the corner.

"Help!" shouted Janet. She was sorry she couldn't do as the officer ordered, but the snowblower wasn't stopping for anything, not even a traffic officer.

It climbed the curb and careened along the

sidewalk, scattering Saturday shoppers as it went, until at last it hit the huge snowbank at the back of the service station lot. Even the snowblower couldn't chew its way through that. With a last wheeze, it turned over on its side and stopped.

People rushed from the service station, shoppers ran from Main Street, and the police officer hurried over.

Janet sat up and brushed the snow from her eyes.

"Are you hurt?" someone asked anxiously.

"No-o-o-o!" answered Janet, shakily.

Somebody helped her to her feet and brushed the snow off her clothes while somebody else set the snowblower upright again.

"That'll have to go to the repair shop," said a man, shaking his head.

"Ohhh, no!" groaned Janet.

Late that afternoon, Janet was still shovelling the walk in front of her house when Franca and Julia stopped by the gate on their way home from the movie.

"How come you're still shovelling, Janet?" asked Julia. "We thought you'd be through long ago. We waited for you until the show started."

"Oh gosh," groaned Janet. "First I had to help the letter carrier pick up the letters, then I had to set up Mrs. Fine's clothesline and shovel her walk where the blower threw snow all over it. Tomorrow I have to help her mend the fence, and all next week I'll have to shovel walks to help pay for fixing the snowblower.

"And," she added, turning back to the shovelling, "I have to finish this walk before I get any dinner, if it takes all night. My father said so."

Grimly, Janet lifted another shovelful of snow.

Winter Is Tacked Down

Hurrah!
Hurrah!
It snowed last night.
Today
the green lawn
is whiskered with white.

Look around —
enough snow on the ground
for a snowball.
Scoop it up in your hands,
gloves or no.
Wad it,
pack it tight,
round,
big.

Let go!
Smash!
Splash!
Winter is here!
You can't hold winter back,
not possibly,
once you have tacked a snowball
to the trunk of a tree.

Sister Noemi Weygant, O.S.B.

A Saturday Spin

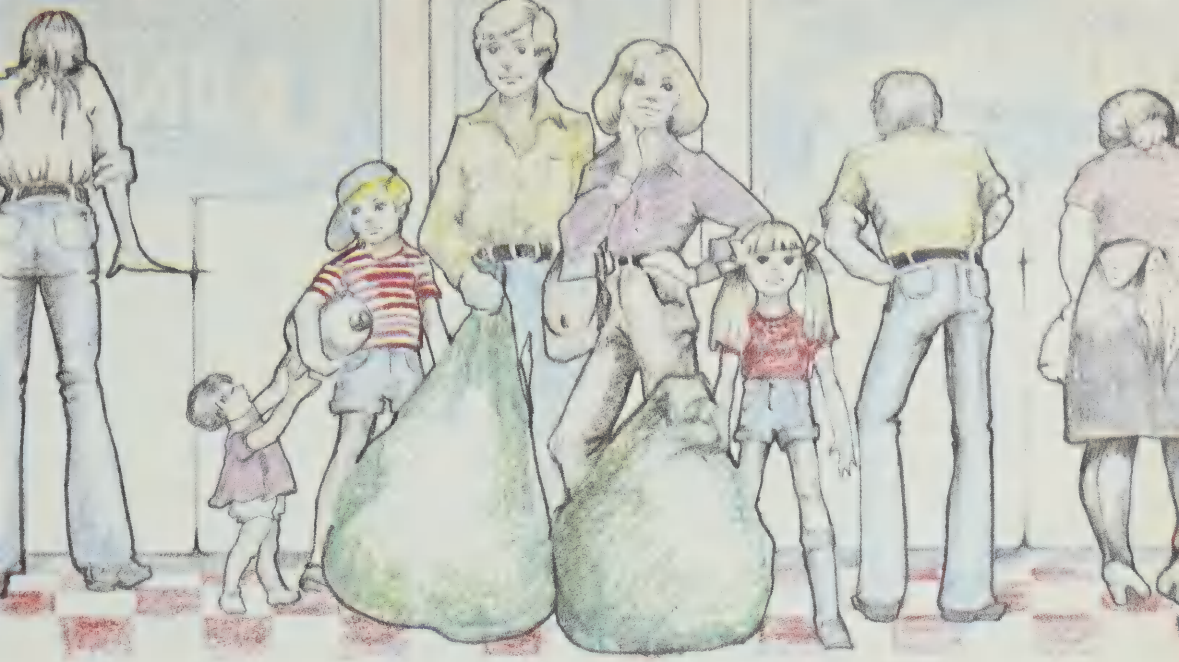
by Sharon Siamon

It was Saturday, and every Saturday the Bergman family washed their clothes at the laundromat. It wasn't much fun, but it was one of the things that had to be done on Saturday.

Every Saturday, Mrs. Bergman started by gathering all the towels from the bathroom and the sheets from the bedrooms. Mr. Bergman took the belt off his work pants and checked to see that nothing was left in the pockets. Inge and Hans Bergman had to wiggle under their beds to dig out all the dirty clothes that had fallen down during the week.

By ten o'clock, the Bergmans had all their dirty clothes stuffed in two enormous garbage bags, and they had their big box of soap and their bottle of bleach stacked in the front hall. Then Hans took the bleach, Inge took the soap, and Mr. and Mrs. Bergman took the big bags of dirty clothes to the car.

The laundromat wasn't much fun, but Hans and Inge didn't mind going. It was on the busiest street in the neighborhood, so, while their parents washed the clothes, there were lots of things to see and do. But this Saturday things were different. As soon as they stepped inside the warm, steamy laundromat, they knew it was going to be different. Instead of rows of shiny white machines with their lids up, all the lids were down, and the laundromat was full of people.



Children, babies, women, men — it looked like the whole neighborhood was washing its clothes. The noise was terrible. The washers rattled and churned, the dryers whirred and clanged, and the babies cried.

Mr. King, the man who worked in the laundromat, came up to the Bergmans. "Sorry, folks, we're all full," he said. "Don't know what's happened this morning. Everybody's washing today."

"What will we do?" asked Mr. Bergman. "Everything we own is in those bags — dirty."

"Well, we can't stay here all day," said Mrs. Bergman. "I have lots of things to do!"

Hans agreed with his mother. He didn't feel like hanging around a crowded laundromat all day either. Already a baby was tugging at the bottle of bleach under his arm. Hans jerked the bottle away, and the baby sat down suddenly. It started to cry.

"Oh dear!" said Mrs. Bergman. "Be careful, Hans."

Just then, Mr. King waved at them from the back of the laundromat. A machine was empty, so they could get started. Mr. Bergman picked up one of the bags and began to push his way toward the washer. Mrs. Bergman followed with the soap, picking her way around the laundry baskets and small children on the floor.

Hans and Inge went outside and walked up and down, watching the traffic and looking in store windows. Inge bought a pear at the corner fruit market, and Hans found a terrific set of monster teeth in the Variety Store. He hurried back to the laundromat to show them to his mother.

That place was busier and noisier than ever. Hans and Inge saw their mother, stuffing clothes into a dryer. She called to them to come and help.

"Your father's gone to get the tires on the car changed," she said, "and I'm all out of quarters, so I have to go to a store to get some change."

Hans decided that this was not a good time to show his mother his monster teeth.

"We just have one load left to do," said his mother, handing him the bag. "If you find an empty washer while I'm out, put these clothes in — and don't forget the soap!" She hurried off to get some change.

Inge and Hans watched the red lights on the washers to see if any were finished. Finally, they saw a tall man taking his clothes out of a machine near the front of the laundromat.

"Quick, Hans, bring the bag," cried Inge.

A woman was heading for the same machine with a basket of clothes, but Hans and Inge were too fast for her. She stood there, frowning angrily, as they dumped in their clothes and slammed down the lid!

They waited, but nothing happened — the red light didn't go on, and water wasn't running into the machine. Inge twisted all the buttons at the top while the woman stood and glared at them.

"What do we do now?" whispered Hans. "It isn't working."

"You have to put a quarter in," said the woman, in a very unfriendly voice.

"Put a quarter in, Inge," said Hans.

"O.K.," said Inge, and then whispered to Hans, "I haven't got a quarter. You wait here and put in the soap and stuff, and I'll go and look for Mom." She dashed out of the laundromat door.

Hans had watched his mother putting the soap in lots of times. She used a cup. He found one and filled it up. The woman was still waiting and still glaring.

Hans wondered how much soap to put in, but didn't want to ask the woman. So he dumped the whole cup in. Still the woman stood there, so Hans poured all the soap that was left in the box into the machine. The woman muttered, but didn't move. Hans smiled at her with his monster teeth.

The woman jumped and turned away. "That worked," thought Hans. "Now if Inge and Mom will just get back here with the quarter."

"There's a dryer stopped over here," Hans heard Mr. King yell. "Whose is it?" He was holding up a striped pyjama bottom.

Hans recognized it. "Oh, those are my dad's," he said. Everybody in the whole laundromat stopped and looked at Hans, and some of them laughed.

"Want to come and empty the dryer so someone else can use it?" Mr. King asked.

Hans found an empty basket and started to take out the dry clothes. They were hot! At last he got them all in the basket and shoved it under the table where it would be out of the way. He went to the window to see if Inge and his mother were coming back. There was no sign of them, so he gazed at the traffic for awhile, wishing he was out there with the buses and cars and not in here with the washers and dryers and the angry woman who wanted that washer.

"See my car! See my car!"

Hans turned around and saw the baby who had been crying earlier. She had dragged the Bergmans' laundry basket out from under the table and was pulling their clean clothes onto the dirty laundromat floor.

"You stop that!" Hans shouted. He made a dive for the baby.

She screamed and held on to the sides of the laundry basket with all her might.

"What are you doing to my baby?" The woman who had been waiting for the washing machine swooped down on Hans. She was furious. She grabbed the screaming baby.

Mr. King came hurrying over.

"This boy," said the angry woman, "is bothering my baby and has a load of wash in a machine without any money to start it!"

Mr. King looked at Hans.

"My mom's bringing some change, and I've got the soap in," said Hans.

"Well, I think it's a shame, when the laundromat's so busy," said the woman. Stop

"Got the soap in, have you?" said Mr. King. "Well, then, suppose we just start it up, and you can give me the money when your mother gets back." He put a quarter in, the red light went on, and Hans heard the water rush into the machine.

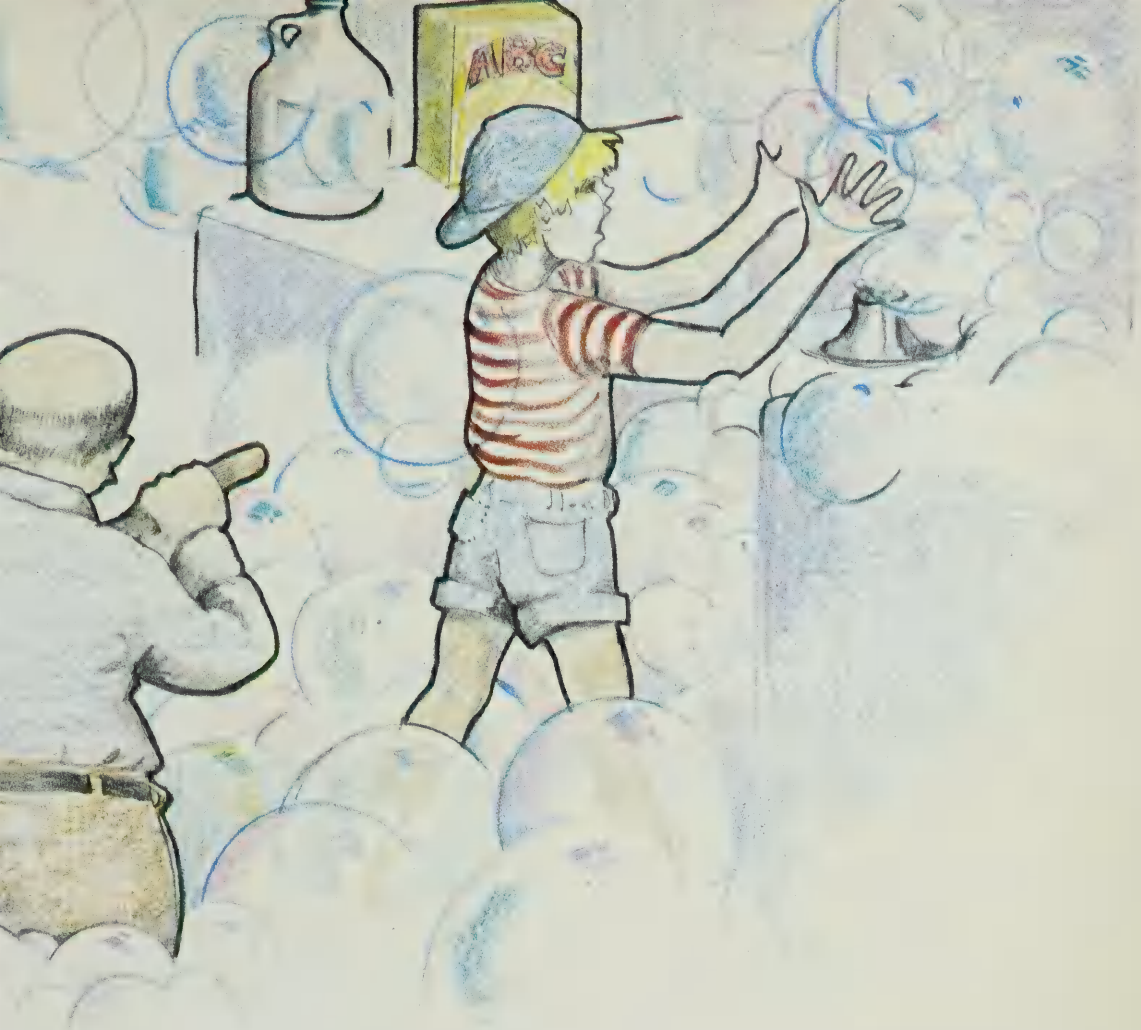
Hans was trying to brush the footprints off his father's best shirt when he heard someone shout, "The soap! Look at the soap!"

All the soap Hans had poured into the washer had gone wild. Bubbles were pouring out of the washing machine, down the front, and onto the floor.

Hans forgot his father's shirt and rushed to the machine. He opened the lid, and a waterfall of suds gushed over him from head to foot. Suds piled up around the machine, and rivers of soap flowed across the floor.

Just then, Hans's father arrived back at the laundromat. There was poor Mr. King, trying to sweep the bubbles up with his broom; Hans, covered in soap suds, and a furious woman yelling at him. And there, right in the middle of the floor, was the baby in their laundry basket.

Hans had never been so glad to see his father in his life. And then his mother and Inge arrived, and they all started explaining at once.



"We had to walk three blocks to get change," said his mother.

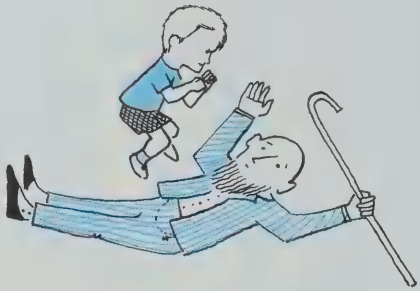
"The garage was too busy to change my tires," said his father.

"I shouldn't have left you all by yourself," said Inge.

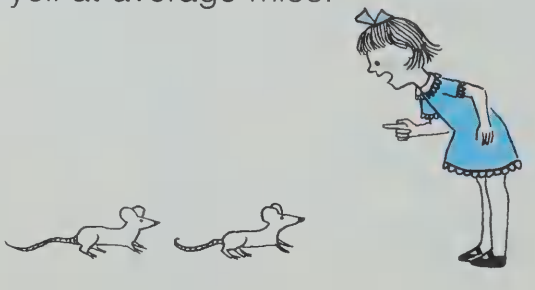
"I guess I put in a little too much soap," said Hans, and *everybody* laughed — even the woman with the baby.

RULES by Karla Kuskin

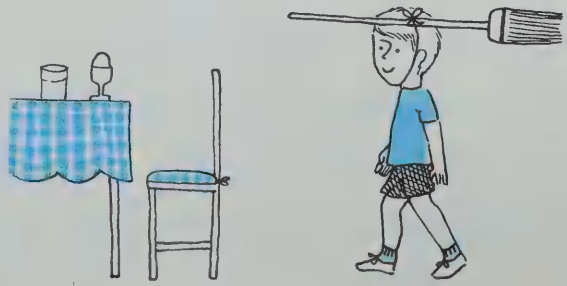
Do not jump on ancient uncles.



Do not yell at average mice.

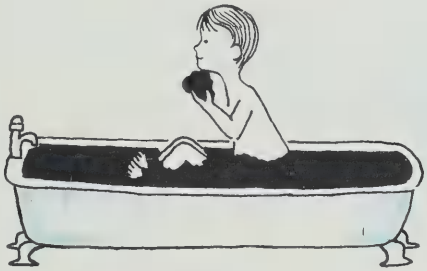


Do not wear a broom to breakfast.



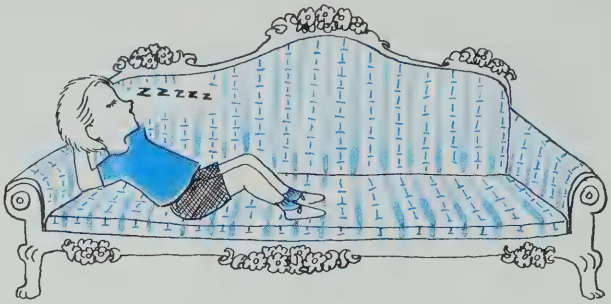
Do not ask a snake's advice.

Do not bathe in chocolate pudding.

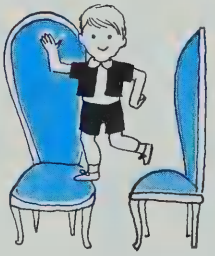


Do not talk to bearded bears.

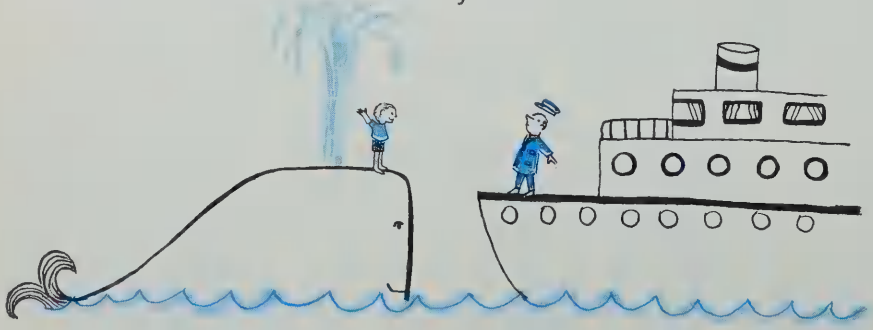
Do not snore on satin sofas.



Do not dance on velvet chairs.



Do not take a whale to visit
Russell's mother's cousin's yacht.



And whatever else you do do
It is better you
Do not.

Owl overstays welcome

Fredericton. A Park Street family has had trouble evicting an unwelcome tenant. Monday, the Hills came home to find a large owl sitting calmly on the sun dial in their garden, paying no attention at all to their excited dog.

All that evening the owl sat there, and all the next day. Neighbors came to look at it, and birds dive-bombed it. The Hills kept their dog in the house and tried to shoo the owl away. But it just went on sitting.

On the second day, the Hills tried to feed the strange bird. But the owl wouldn't eat or drink; it just sat on its perch looking solemn.

In the end, the Hills had to have the owl taken away. They don't know yet whether it was sick or hurt or why it came to their house.

Help! Police!

Toronto. Last Monday night, the police station that serves the university had a lot of extra telephone calls. And almost every caller said the same thing. Somebody was in serious trouble in the park on Main Street. The caller could hear moans and groans and terrible cries.

After each phone call, a police car rushed to the area. And each time the same report came back to the station — raccoons. Raccoons, moving about in the darkness, were playing and fighting, making their strange cries and squeals that sound like someone in great pain.

Rabies threatens neighborhood

Edmonton. A skunk with rabies is at large in the Sherwood Park area. Parents have been asked to warn their children not to pet or get too close to *any* strange animal; other animals may have been in contact with the skunk. Cats and dogs should be kept indoors or on a leash. The skunk is known to have bitten at least one family pet, which has since had to be destroyed. Nine people have already been given anti-rabies shots.

Officials need the help of all citizens, young and old, in locating this sick animal. Anyone who sees it or hears about it should report this immediately.

The Skunk on Yonge Street

by Sharon Siamon

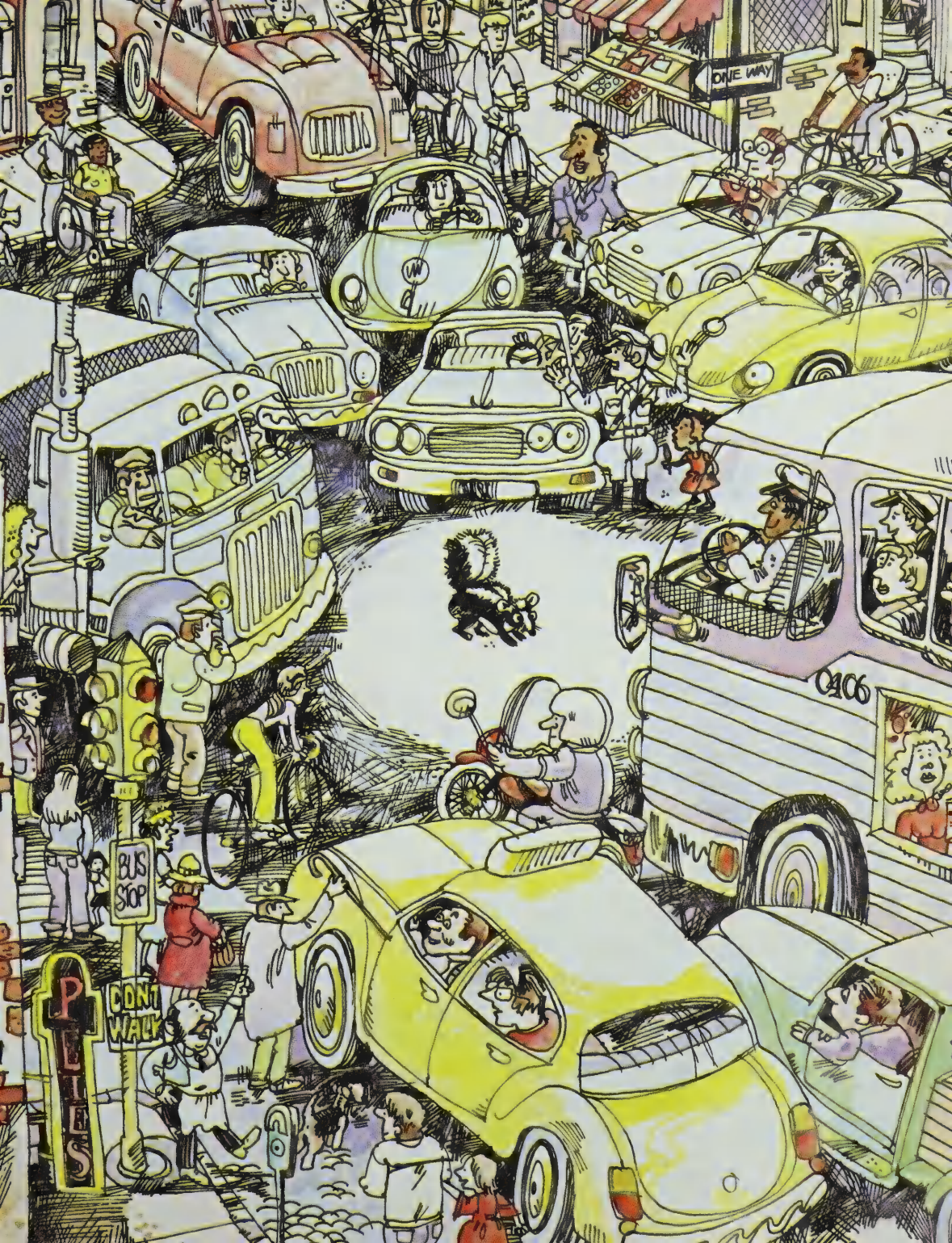
The little policeman stamped his feet and waved a warning flag.

Scre-e-e-ch! All the traffic on four streets came to a sudden stop.

The air brakes on a big truck groaned and complained. The truck driver sat high up in the cab and scratched his head. He could see the green light up ahead at the intersection. So what was the problem? Why weren't the cars moving? His load had to be at the warehouse in a few minutes, and he didn't like being late.

Behind the truck was a tiny white sports car. The driver slammed on the brakes just in time to avoid running underneath the truck's big trailer. The driver looked up at the tall buildings all around and felt as small as an ant on a playground. What a place to be stuck in a traffic jam! What was happening up ahead anyway?

On another street that led into the jammed intersection was a long, gray limousine. Inside the car, the mayor was getting worried.


ONE WAY
BUS STOP
DON'T WALK
PIES

"I'll be late! I'll be late for lunch with the Queen! Somebody find out what's happening up there!"

Furiously the mayor punched buttons on his two-way radio to City Hall.

"This is the mayor speaking! Get the traffic controller! Check the traffic at the intersection of Yonge and St. Clair! Get it moving! I'm going to be late for the Queen's lunch!"

But in the middle of the intersection nothing moved. Not a car. Not a bus. Not a truck. Not a bicycle. Traffic lights blinked. Green-yellow-red. Green-yellow-red. And not a single driver stepped on the gas. Not a single person stepped into the crosswalk. No one in the intersection made a sound.

Further back on the four streets, horns blew and brakes squealed. But at the front on the traffic jam, the little policeman held all the people and all the cars as if they were under a magic spell. While he stood there, right in the middle of the intersection, no one was going anywhere.

For the little policeman was a skunk with two long white stripes running right down his back from his head to his tail. The night before, he had wandered up into the city centre from the shady ravine where he lived. He had made his way behind buildings and through alleys and finally stepped out from behind the bank on the corner — right into the rush-hour traffic.

He didn't hurry, and he didn't worry about people or cars. Skunks are like that. He knew all he had to do was stamp his feet and raise his tail like a warning flag and everyone would get out of his way. So he waved his tail and stamped around in a circle, and all the big trucks and busy people in Toronto couldn't make him hurry.

By now the mayor was talking to the pilot of the traffic helicopter on his two-way radio.

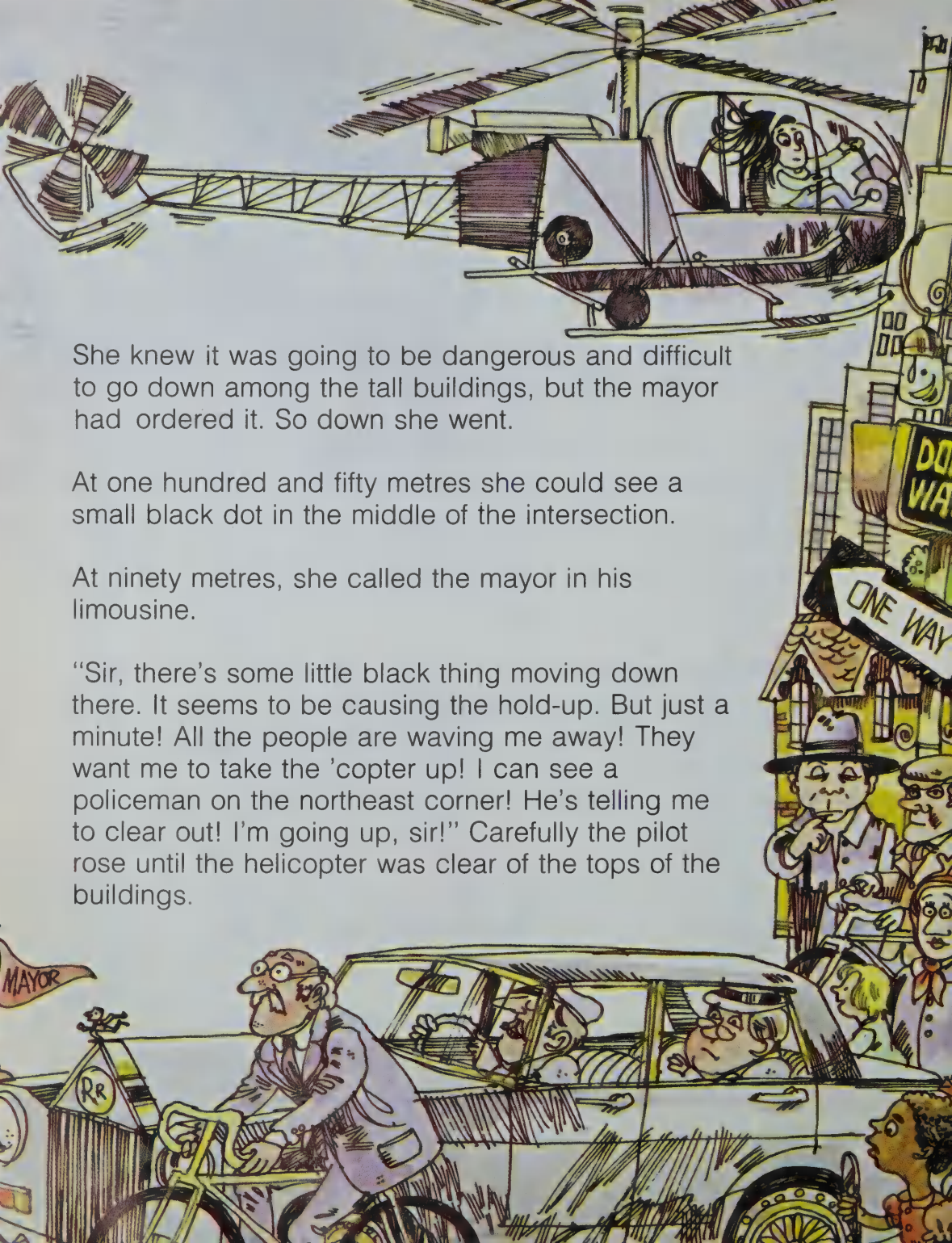
"Get the 'copter over here and get that traffic moving!" screeched the mayor. He was used to having his orders obeyed faster than this. Why couldn't they get things moving? At last the helicopter was coming. Now something would happen!

The traffic jam looked bad to the helicopter pilot. Blocks of stopped cars, trucks, streetcars, and buses tangled up like a big knot. But the intersection looked empty. She could see the traffic lights blinking — green, yellow, red — green, yellow, red. But nothing moved.

"Sorry, Mr. Mayor," the pilot said. "I can't see what the trouble is. The traffic lights are working, but no one is moving."

"Well, get down for a closer look! Land if you have to! But get me moving!" shouted the mayor.

"Yes, sir!" The pilot carefully circled lower.



She knew it was going to be dangerous and difficult to go down among the tall buildings, but the mayor had ordered it. So down she went.

At one hundred and fifty metres she could see a small black dot in the middle of the intersection.

At ninety metres, she called the mayor in his limousine.

"Sir, there's some little black thing moving down there. It seems to be causing the hold-up. But just a minute! All the people are waving me away! They want me to take the 'copter up! I can see a policeman on the northeast corner! He's telling me to clear out! I'm going up, sir!" Carefully the pilot rose until the helicopter was clear of the tops of the buildings.

Down below, everyone waited. Nobody moved. The skunk's tail was straight up like a stick. He had been annoyed by the wind and the noise of that helicopter. He hadn't liked that one bit! But the noise disappeared, and slowly, slowly, his tail went down.

The little skunk would have liked to continue his walk, but there didn't seem to be any way out of the square. And the cars and the people were all jammed together. They didn't dare move forward and they couldn't move back. Things might have stayed that way if it hadn't been for the mayor.

He was getting angrier every minute. "It must be a bomb," he said. "Or maybe something from outer space. It has to be serious to make everyone stand like dummies."

So he picked up his radio again. "This is the mayor. Send the Special Emergency Squad to the intersection of Yonge and St. Clair! Immediately!"

While all this was going on, the skunk was getting tired of his adventure. He didn't like the hot pavement. And there was nothing to eat in the intersection — just some old popcorn that made him thirsty. He wanted to find his way back to the ravine for a snack.

The skunk didn't know he'd caused a traffic jam that stretched for blocks. He didn't know that the Emergency Squad and the bomb experts were on their way. He just felt like going on his way.

But he wasn't in a hurry. Skunks are never in a hurry. It's people who often are. And the hundreds of people in that traffic jam *wanted* to hurry. The mayor was in the biggest hurry of all. Finally he couldn't stand waiting any longer. He got out of his limousine and pushed through the crowd.

"Make way for the mayor! Make way for the mayor!" he shouted.

The skunk heard the commotion and turned toward it. He stamped his feet to show he was angry. People pressed back in alarm. But the mayor couldn't see what was happening. He just kept coming, pushing the people aside.

"Get out of the way! I'm the mayor!" he shouted.

The skunk's tail started to climb. It quivered with anger. The people held their breath—but the mayor kept pushing through the crowd.

"You people move aside! I'm the mayor of this city and . . . "

"Watch out, Mr. Mayor!" someone screamed, as the mayor pushed to the front and stood waving his arms and shouting.

The little skunk's tail shot straight up like a flag. Quick as lightning he whirled and shot the spray with deadly aim — right at the mayor.

YONGE
POLICE
YOR
Simpson

"O-o-o-oh!" A cry went up from the crowd, as they tried to push back from the mayor and the terrible smell.

No one noticed that the little striped skunk had spotted an alley beside the bank and had made a beeline for it. He was going back to his ravine to find a nice shady spot to have a quiet nap.

Yonge Street was no longer quiet. People shouted. Horns honked. Engines roared into life. The mayor was hurried into the van of the Special Emergency Squad.

The people remembered all the important things they had to do. The traffic started moving. The truck rolled off to its warehouse. The sports car zipped off around the corner.

At last the noise and excitement were over. Some people soon forgot about the skunk on Yonge Street. But not the people who lived or worked near St. Clair and Yonge. And certainly not the mayor.

the wonderful mouse

from
the tip
of his
nose a
mouse is
cute, he
is so small
and furry. and
wherever he goes it always
seems, he is in such a hurry.
he's always scampering
here and there, in and out of
holes always running
away from the
cat, who follows
him wherever he goes, most people hate mice
but i think they're cute, even though they
may make nests, in the toe of some old boot.
some mice are gray
and blackish, some are
very white. some are
brown and grayish.
some are black as night,
a mouse is quite a clever chap
who'll do anything for cheese,
and into the smallest tiniest
hole, a mouse could probably squeeze.
a lovable pet, a house pest, a mouse is both
of these, always taking people's food,
never saying "please". sharp, bright teeth, and as hungry as a whale. from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail.

Karen Crossley, age 11

Rescue at Apt. 317

by Madeline Freeman

Terry Vincent trudged up the hot driveway and past the building superintendent, who was hoeing flower beds in front of the apartment house. "Hello, Mr. Scranton," she called out.

The wiry little man looked up and scowled, then bent over his work again.

"I bet he wishes there was a rule against children living in this building," thought Terry. "He never speaks and he always scowls at me."

Then Terry remembered what Mrs. Wishart had told her that morning. She had met Mrs. Wishart in the laundry room, and the old lady had invited Terry to come to her apartment to play with Smoky, her gray kitten.

"But be careful, Terry," Mrs. Wishart had warned. "Don't let Mr. Scranton see Smoky. There's a rule against pets in this building, and he'd have me evicted if he knew about Smoky."

"I guess he doesn't like pets or children either," thought Terry. But she forgot Smoky and Mr. Scranton when two girls, about her own age, raced out the front door and across the parking lot. Her face fell as she watched them.

"I must be Invisible Girl, or something," Terry muttered. "I've lived here a whole week and I've often seen those two girls, but they never seem to see me. They don't even know I'm around."

Terry thought back to the house where she and Dad and seven-year-old Hugo had lived until school was over. How could anyone make new friends, moving like this to a high-rise in the middle of summer?

"T-e-rr-y."

The voice came from above her, and Terry looked around, startled.

"T-E-RR-Y!" The call sounded urgent, and when Terry looked around again, she saw Mrs. Wishart beckoning from the balcony of her third-floor apartment.

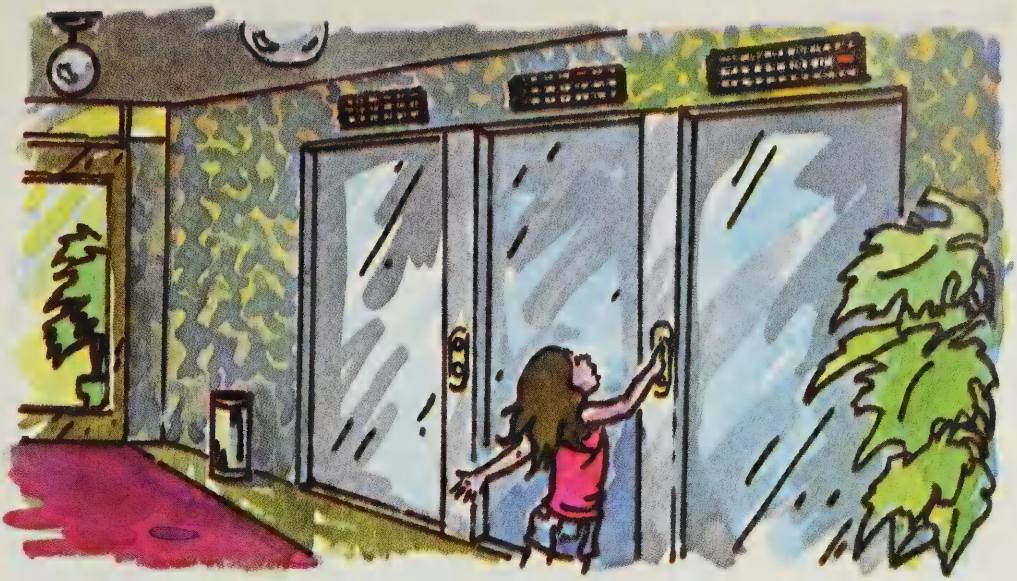
Terry ran over to stand beneath the balcony. Right away she saw the problem. A big tree grew by Mrs. Wishart's section of the building, and there was Smoky, clinging to a branch and meowing loudly.

"Please help me, Terry," said Mrs. Wishart. "He jumped over there from the balcony, and now I can't reach him, and he's scared to jump back. Do you think you could get him to come down the tree to you? And without Mr. Scranton seeing you?"

Quickly, Terry looked around for Mr. Scranton. He was still working on the flower beds but was coming in this direction. He'd soon hear Smoky's frightened meowing. She couldn't take a chance on coaxing Smoky *down* the tree but maybe she could make him go back up!

Terry ran through the front door.

"Wouldn't you know, every elevator near the top," she groaned. She pushed the button. "Why doesn't that one at twelve move? Someone must be pushing the "hold" button. Here comes the one from 18 — and the one from 17. Both stopped at 12! Do the people there need all *three* elevators?"



Terry thought about Smoky. Didn't people call the Fire Department to rescue cats? But that wouldn't work! If the Fire Department came, Mr. Scranton would have to know about Smoky.

By the time Terry reached the third floor, she had a plan. She dashed down the hall to where Mrs. Wishart stood in the door of her apartment.

"Oh, thank you for coming, my dear." The old lady's voice was shaking. "I'm at my wit's end."

"Let's see how far we have to reach to get to Smoky." Terry hurried out onto the balcony. The little cat turned his head, and when he saw her, he gave another loud wail.

"Nothing to it!" Terry exclaimed. "You get some string and his catnip mouse ready. I'll get Dad's fishing rod, and we'll dangle the catnip in front of him to coax him along the branch. But we'll have to hurry, Mrs. Wishart. Mr. Scranton will soon be working on this side of the building."

In a few minutes, Terry was hunting through the kitchen drawer in her own apartment on the sixth floor.

"What're you looking for?" Hugo asked.

Terry didn't take time to answer.

"Found them!" She grabbed the locker keys.

Hugo's blue eyes opened wide. "Hey, you can't go to the locker room without Dad!"

"Goodness, no," Mrs. Watson, the housekeeper, said. "You'd better not go down there alone, Terry."

"Dad won't mind when he knows what I'm doing," Terry said, on her way out the door. She had only been down to their locker room once and she hoped that she would find it when she got to the basement. But she was lucky. She went down the first hallway, and there it was.

LOCKER ROOM C said the sign in front of her, and she thrust the key in the door.

Terry switched on the light from outside in the hallway, and ran down the wide aisle to the locker at the far end. She groaned when she opened the door and saw a jumble of boxes piled one on top of the other. There wasn't a chance of finding the fishing rod.

Hugo stood at her elbow. "You'll get it from Dad," he said.

"Oh, get lost." Terry gave him a shove. She turned the key and started to follow Hugo, who had run out of the locker room, slamming the door.

Before she had taken three steps, the lights went out.

The blackness closed in on her and she stood rigid, gripping a locker door.

Terry reached for the next locker. Step by step, she felt her way along in the dark room.

She stopped again. What if the door of Locker Room C locked by itself when Hugo slammed it? It seemed forever before she felt the door handle. When it opened easily, she sighed with relief.

In the hallway, Hugo stood a safe distance away from the locker room, making a face at her.

"You mean little kid, you turned out the light!" Terry yelled, and she started to chase Hugo but then stopped in her tracks. She couldn't take time to chase Hugo until she had worked out a new plan to save Smoky. She needed more time! Mr. Scranton had to be held up if Smoky was to be rescued.

"Come over here," she called to her brother. "You *can* do something important. *If* you want to."

Hugo edged over to her. "Is this just a trick to catch me?"

"No. Can you keep a secret?"

"I'm no blabber-mouth." Hugo was still ready to run, but he came closer.

"You'll have to promise!" Terry grabbed him by the shoulders and looked him in the eye. "This is a matter of life and death!"

Hugo's eyes widened with excitement. "I won't tell!"

The words tumbled out about Smoky and Mrs. Wishart and how they had to keep Mr. Scranton from seeing the cat and why Terry needed the locker keys.

"I couldn't find the fishing rod," she explained. "Your job is to keep Mr. Scranton away from Mrs. Wishart's apartment while I try something else."

Hugo screwed up his face as he always did when he was thinking.

"I know! I'll get a protest parade going! The kids around here don't like Mr. Scranton, and there's always a bunch playing at the back. They'll march with me if they know it's to bother him."

Terry looked worried. "You know what Dad said about bothering people. . . . "

But before she could say anything more, Hugo had taken off. He was racing to the stairs that led to the paved area at the rear of the building.

Terry frowned as the elevator climbed to the sixth floor. "If we get too many kids in the act, things might go too far," she thought. But fifteen minutes had gone. Smoky was still up in the tree, and Mr. Scranton was bound to hear him soon.

Terry shrugged her shoulders. She couldn't stop now.

Mrs. Watson looked up from the television set as Terry flung the locker keys back into the drawer.

"Now," wondered Terry, "what could take the place of a fishing rod? The curtains for their apartment had not been hung yet, and Terry's eye landed on two pieces of curtain rod that stood in the corner of the living room. "Perfect!" she exclaimed.

"Terry, what are you going to do with that curtain rod? You shouldn't take it out of the apartment," said Mrs. Watson, as Terry picked up the two sections.

"Please, Mrs. Watson," Terry said, "I just *have* to take them." She knew that Dad would have some questions about that, but time was running out. Terry dashed back to Mrs. Wishart's.

"I was afraid you weren't coming back, child." The old lady's voice had a sob in it. "I went out to talk to Smoky, but the sun was too hot for me. I had to come in, and I can hear him meowing, even with the door closed."

"How close is Mr. Scranton now?" asked Terry. She stepped out onto the hot balcony to look for the superintendent. He had finished at the front of the building and, while Terry watched, he loaded his tools into a wheelbarrow and trundled them toward their section of the building.

"Please, Hugo," breathed Terry, "hurry up with that parade!"

"Oh, look," said Mrs. Wishart, "Mr. Scranton's going to start work near the side entrance."

"Great," exclaimed Terry. "Now, let's fix this rod up as a fishing line, with Smoky's catnip mouse as bait."

While Mrs. Wishart got the catnip mouse, Terry tied the two pieces of rod together.

"Here's the catnip, dear," said Mrs. Wishart. And Terry tied it to one end of a short piece of string. The other end was tied to the end of the rod.

Through the open balcony door, they heard a bellow from Mr. Scranton. "Hey, there, you kids, you can't play here. Get to the back of the building!"

Terry grinned. She stepped out on to the balcony and looked down to see what was happening.

Hugo led a raggle-taggle parade. Terry saw the two girls she longed to know marching beside her young brother. One girl turned to give a signal to the others, and the marchers broke into Canada's song.

"C-A-N-ADA!" they sang. The shorter girl with the braids beat time with a baseball bat on an old sheet of galvanized iron.

"WE LOVE THEE!"

"I know your name!" yelled Mr. Scranton, pointing at the tall girl. "I'll report you!" The girl looked past him, never missing a beat as she led the singing parade.

"I'll report you to your parents," yelled Mr. Scranton. "You — and you — and you!" He pointed his finger at one child after another. He grabbed up his hoe and shook it at the children. "Beat it!"

The parade of children kept on marching until they forced Mr. Scranton to take after them. Terry watched them as they disappeared around the corner of the building.

"Now!" Terry called to Mrs. Wishart.

Mrs. Wishart leaned over the balcony, making comforting little noises to Smoky. The fluffy kitten, his head turned to look at her, meowed sadly. Terry balanced the rod over the balcony railing. Gently, she worked the string with the catnip mouse through the leaves.

"Oh, my dear, it's caught on that branch!" cried Mrs. Wishart. But Terry had not gone trout fishing with her dad for nothing. She eased the rod back a bit until the catnip was free of the branch.

Next time it was too far up the tree trunk. Smoky looked up, but he didn't move. On Terry's third try, the catnip mouse jiggled and swayed in front of the little cat's nose. She drew it along the branch she wanted him to walk on.

"Steady . . . easy now . . . that's right, Smoky; give it a sniff. A little over this way . . . oops . . . too far . . . back again . . . there!" Terry talked to herself as she tried to coax the kitten away from the trunk of the tree. She shook her head to clear away the spots that danced in front of her eyes.

"Dear child, you will faint in this heat." Mrs. Wishart stepped out from the living room. "Here, let me hold the rod for a minute."

Terry handed over the catnip line and put her head between her knees to get rid of her dizziness. From a distance she heard the strains of "C-A-N-A-D-A."

Good old Hugo!

Terry stood up to take the catnip from Mrs. Wishart again. She shook her head and ducked her face against her sleeve to wipe away the perspiration that dripped off her nose. Gently, she rested the swaying catnip mouse on a branch at the balcony level.

Smoky sniffed and sniffed as Terry moved the catnip back and forth from where the kitten clung to the tree to the place where she wanted Smoky to be.

"Look! He's moving! He can make it to this branch that leads to the balcony."

"I'll bring out his food dish," said Mrs. Wishart, going into the apartment.

Smoky suddenly did a little scramble up the tree trunk. This brought him in line with the branch Terry had chosen. Gently, ever so gently, she pulled the catnip in.

With one little bound, Smoky jumped. He landed on the branch, and they could hardly see him, crouched among the leaves.

"Here, kitty, kitty, kitty," Mrs. Wishart called softly. She held the dish of cat food over the edge of the balcony.

Terry edged the catnip mouse forward.

"He's moving this way again," Terry whispered excitedly. "Hurry, Smoky, hurry! Mr. Scranton won't stay away forever!"

Again, Smoky moved. Now they could see him, his tail high, picking his way toward the food dish. Then, one leap, and he landed on the balcony. Mrs. Wishart swept Smoky up in her arms and Terry sank to the floor. They looked at each other and burst out laughing.

Sinking down on a chair, Mrs. Wishart wiped her eyes. "When Mr. Scranton chased after the parade, he was so angry I don't think he would have heard a thousand cats."

Terry suddenly jumped to her feet. "I've got to get Hugo! We're in enough trouble already, and he'll go too far with his teasing."

Mrs. Wishart looked upset. "Oh, dear, all those nice children will be in trouble because of me!"

A loud knocking at the door interrupted her.

"Mr. Scranton?" Terry whispered.

Mrs. Wishart quickly closed the door to the kitchen where Smoky had found his saucer of milk. Terry's heart pounded as Mrs. Wishart opened the door into the hall. She sank back weakly when she saw that it was Hugo and the two girls, still out of breath from the parade.

Hugo burst into the apartment, his words tumbling over one another.

"Is the cat O.K.? This is Kathy and that's Suzanne and I want to see Smoky."

"Hi," said Suzanne, the tall girl with the curly hair.

"Hi," said Kathy, the short one with braids. "We'll sure have to make ourselves scarce for a while! Mr. Scranton isn't pleased with us!"

Mrs. Wishart stepped forward and took each child's hand in turn as she thanked them.

"And this is Smoky." Mrs. Wishart opened the kitchen door, and the children crowded around the kitten, who ignored them as he washed one paw.

"Please don't spread the word that I have a cat," Mrs. Wishart pleaded. "I'd be so lonely without him, and he doesn't bother anyone."

"We won't tell anyone! Not anyone!" said all the children together.

"And now we'll go and leave you and Smoky to have a rest," said Terry.

"It's almost supper time," said Suzanne. "But let's all meet tomorrow and go to the playground. Maybe Mr. Scranton will forget us if he doesn't see us around for a while."

It was decided that they would meet in the lobby at ten the next morning. Terry walked on air as she and Hugo returned to their own apartment.

Their dad stood in the middle of the living room, waiting for them. His mouth was set in a grim line. "Well, Terry Vincent, you've some explaining to do. And you, too, Hugo." Terry's heart sank as her father glowered at her.

"Terry, I've just had a visit from Mr. Scranton. Maybe you and Hugo can explain to me why Hugo was leading that noisy parade. And Mrs. Watson tells me that you went to the locker room, although I have made it very clear that that part of the basement is out of bounds. Then you took the curtain rod. You have deliberately disobeyed Mrs. Watson and me."

"She didn't want to," interrupted Hugo. "We were doing a good deed." Mr. Vincent silenced Hugo with a look, and Terry felt lost for words.

Her father's face softened. "This isn't like you, Terry," he said. "So let's hear your side of the story."

Terry didn't want to tell about Smoky until Mrs. Wishart said she could, so it was a minute before she spoke. "Dad, you've told me that I must always keep my word, I must help anyone in trouble, and I should use my head in an emergency."

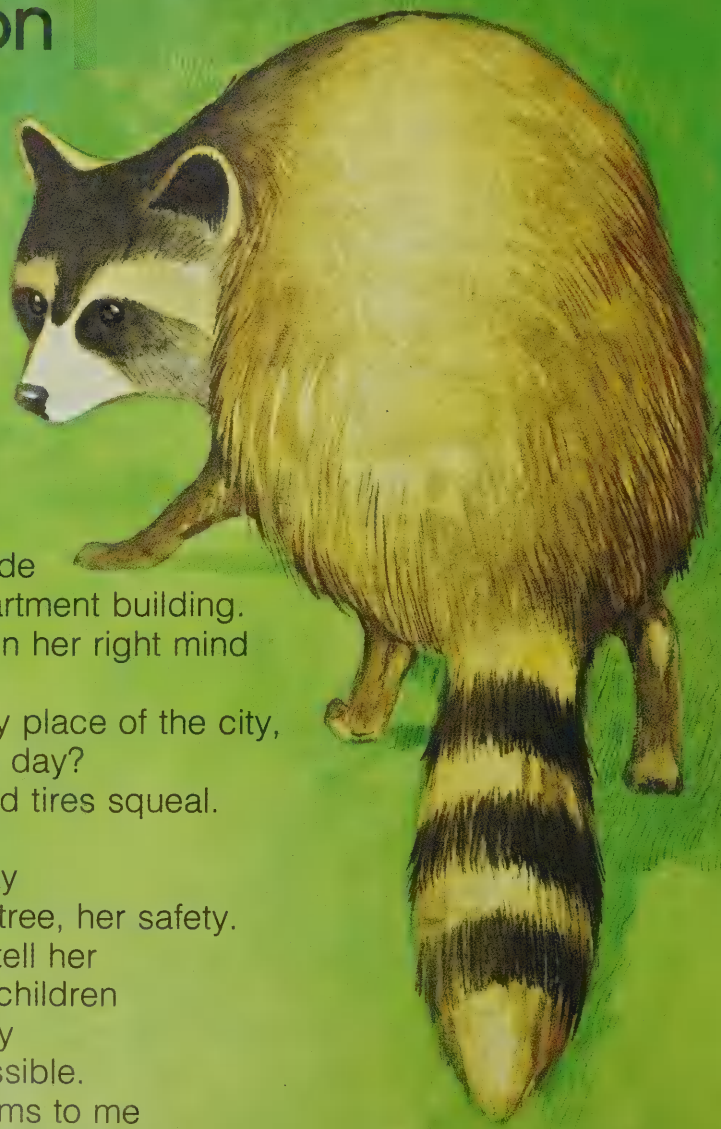
Her father gave her his see-through look. "So?"

"So I was doing all those things," said Terry. "But right now, I can't tell you why. And Hugo was only trying to help me."

There was a long silence; then her dad relaxed. "O.K., I trust you kids. I guess I can wait to hear the whole story. But you've an apology to make to Mrs. Watson." He swung around to jab a finger at Hugo. "And Mr. Scranton will have *your* apology tonight. Now let's get on with supper."

Terry hummed under her breath as she set the table. Living in a high-rise might have more going for it than she had thought. "Suzanne, Kathy, Terry. Terry, Kathy, Suzanne. Whichever way you say it," she thought to herself, "those names really sound great together."

Raccoon



A raccoon
stopped to play
on the lawn outside
my 20-storey apartment building.
  What raccoon in her right mind
would play
in such a smoggy place of the city,
on such a dismal day?
  Horns beep and tires squeal.
She does not
move too far away
from the nearest tree, her safety.
  I would like to tell her
to gather up her children
and leave this city
as quickly as possible.
  You see, it seems to me
that a smoggy city
is no place
for raccoons.

W.Pichette

DATE DUE SLIP

DUE EDUC OCT 22 '87	DUE EDUC OCT 28 '90
OCT 20 RETURN	OCT 27 RETURN
	DUE DEC 01 '90
DUE EDUC NOV 10 '87	
NOV 12 RETURN	NOV 23 RETURN
DUE EDUC FEB 04 '88	
FEB 03 RETURN	
DUE EDUC MAR 16 '88	
DUE EDUC MAR 23 '88	
DUE EDUC MAR 30 '88	
APR 2 RETURN	
DUE MAR 14 '89	
DUE EDUC. MAR 22 '89	
DUE EDUC. MAR 29 '89	
MAR 28 RETURN	

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